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Making the Worst of All Worlds

THERE have always been two Western views about the purpose of the Berlin Conference. Congress, Dr. Adenauer, most British Tories, together with the extreme Right of the Labour Party, regard it as an obstacle to German rearmament which must be surmounted as quickly as possible. For these people, Berlin is intended as a "meet-and-break" occasion; the sooner it is over the better. Hence, no doubt, Mr. Dulles's almost impatient acceptance of the Soviet agenda. On the other side stand Sir Winston Churchill, supported on this by most of the Labour Party and by the prayers of a vast majority of ordinary citizens. They regard Berlin as an occasion for reaching agreement. In their view, the Foreign Ministers should be trading horses, not merely retiring by the shortest route to previously prepared positions.

That the hopes of the British people accompanied Mr. Eden to Berlin cannot be doubted. Popular newspapers have this week found it profitable to sell Mr. Molotov as a sympathetic figure. Yet, if the opening speeches of the Western Ministers are to be taken as final statements and not as the staking out of bargaining claims, the Conference is already as good as deadlocked. For, if Berlin is to achieve anything worth while, it must include a bargain over Germany; and a bargain is impossible if you rule out in advance the possibility of negotiations about German rearmament. Indeed, precautions against a renewed German aggression are as basic to the Soviet idea of security as is the North Atlantic Treaty to the West. The second bargain which must be struck, if Berlin is really to mark a general lowering of tension, concerns the recognition of China. And, once again, it seems that Mr. Dulles has ruled that out. No sane person will suggest that Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden should concede either of these positions without substantial counter-concessions. But, unless a bargain can be struck, the West must resign itself to an indefinite continuance, probably an intensification, of Cold War.

So far, then, in spite of carefully calculated official publicity to suggest a constructive Western attitude, Berlin leaves us where we were. But events in Washington give a new significance to Mr. Dulles's dangerous diplomacy. The principal effect of the 7 billion dollar cut in the U.S. Defence Budget is a reduction in the strength of the armed forces of some 400,000 men in the next eighteen months. Practically the whole of this cut will fall on the Army (the Air Force is actually being strengthened). Strategically, this signifies, in effect, a return to the conception which is sometimes called "push-button war." Mr. Dulles calls it "instantaneous reprisals." What it means is that the U.S. stakes everything on the threat of atomic world war as a deterrent to Soviet and Chinese expansion. But to divide the world into hostile camps, and then deprive yourself of all but the ultimate weapon, is the most dangerous course of all. The Truman Administration realised this, and accompanied its policy of armed containment with a sufficiency of ground troops to ensure that a *local* deterrent war (or even a series of them) could be sustained. Mr. Eisenhower is depriving himself of the field in which Mr. Truman was able to manoeuvre, midway between armed peace and atomic war.

To do that and, at the same time, to take constructive steps to remove the cause of friction, might be great statesmanship. To do it merely to placate the Republican business lobby by cutting taxes, and, at the same time, to reject the opportunity of reaching an agreement at Berlin, would be to create the very conditions in which the inevitable frictions of a world cut in two are most likely to detonate atomic war.

Tactics at Berlin

It may be premature to write down Berlin as an unqualified failure; but the introductory statements by Ministers suggest that, even with an agreed agenda, it will not be long before substantial disagreements are reached. Mr. Molotov, it is true, did not press for an immediate Five-Power Conference: he suggested May or June as a suitable date. But Mr. Dulles has already countered by stating "plainly

and unequivocally" that the U.S. will not sit down with "the Chinese Communist aggressors for the purpose of dealing generally with the peace of the world." Suppose that some formula can perhaps be devised to "reserve" Item One (which Mr. Molotov will undoubtedly use as a means for raising the question of American air bases and atomic weapons), progress towards agreement on the German question seems likely to turn largely on the significance of the statement by the British Foreign Secretary that he is prepared to consider "compromises"—though not "on matters of principle"—and is ready to "examine the problem of giving the Soviet Government further assurances against Western aggression." Mr. Eden, echoed by M. Bidault, was emphatic that free elections must precede, and not follow (as Russia wishes) the formation of a provisional all-German Government; and he argued, though perhaps not so vigorously as Mr. Dulles, that such a Government must eventually have the sovereign right to make foreign alliances. If this means, as one must fear, the immediate rearmament of Germany as a member of E.D.C., the Conference is faced with a hurdle which can hardly be surmounted. It is noteworthy, however, that the main burden of Mr. Molotov's opening speech was a warning against the appalling dangers of German rearmament: he said nothing explicitly to exclude the possibility of Russian assent to free all-German elections as part of a bargain. The Western Ministers will fail entirely to satisfy public opinion in Britain and France that they have exhausted all chances of peace-making if they do not explore fully the possibility of securing Russian assent to immediate free elections on the condition, which seems to us most reasonable—that *for a specified period* a unified Germany is not allowed to recruit more than a gendarmerie for internal security and that a limited Occupation is continued on the Austrian pattern.

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PARIS

Storm Over Morocco

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last August 21, the day after the deposition of Sultan Mohammed V, the Sherif El Kittani, who was one of the principal organisers of the *coup d'état*, announced that "this glorious victory" would enable the Moroccan people "to enjoy the fruits of peace, tranquillity and happiness." The first terrorist act—the derailment of a train—occurred three days after the *coup*. During the last five months, there has been an uninterrupted sequence of acts of violence (250 "incidents" up to mid-January), accompanied by a mounting toll of human life (58 deaths, 117 injured by December 24), and multiple arrests (4,000? 5,000?—nobody quite knows). The authorities have gone to fantastic lengths to crush the terrorists—importing detectives from France, police dogs from Tunisia, offering rewards of up to £1,000 (a fabulous sum for Moroccans, whose average income is £40 a year), imposing curfews and restrictions (bicycling is forbidden in the Arab quarter of Rabat) and enrolling Arab special constables (who have to be watched by French police because they are "unreliable"). At the end of December, General Guillaume informed the Cabinet that "the end of the terrorist wave is in sight"; a week later, the Chief of Police of the Casablanca area told the correspondent of *Le Monde* that his men, apart from catching a few terrorists red-handed, had no chance of striking at the roots of the organisation. Latest reports indicate that unrest is spreading from the towns to the country.

There seems little hope that even a temporary *modus vivendi* can be reached. Most of the "reforms" promised last August have been quietly forgotten. The plan for attaching Moroccan advisors to senior civil servants has been definitely abandoned. After five months, the date of the municipal elections has still not been fixed. The judicial reforms have been "temporarily postponed." The 10 per cent. increase in salaries has officially gone into effect, but the Ministry of Labour has decided not to prosecute in cases of non-compliance. Finally, the scheme to hold joint meetings of the European and Moroccan government councils has had to be dropped because, it appears, there is no suitable room in Rabat capable of holding 200 people.

All this adds up to a pattern familiar in French North Africa. Frenchmen, even some liberal Frenchmen, are inclined to take things philosophically and point out that the situation in Tunisia, after two years of terrorism, is now relatively calm again. But the two cases are by no means parallel, as the events of last week proved. For some time General Franco has been fishing in the troubled waters of Moroccan politics. Neither the Spanish authorities nor the feudal chieftains of the Spanish zone have ever accepted the new Sultan. Since August, Madrid has been visited by a miscellaneous procession of Arab politicians, culminating with the visit, just before Christmas, of M. Choukheiri, assistant secretary-general of the Arab League. At the end of December, General Guillaume warned the Cabinet that a demonstration of Moroccan notables was being planned in Tetuan, which might lead to a definite schism between the two zones. M. Bidault, who has never even pretended to keep up with Moroccan affairs, did nothing. Last Monday, however, the Quai d'Orsay was informed that the demonstration, scheduled for Thursday, would vote the Khalifa of the Spanish zone full powers "in the absence of the legitimate Sultan." Despite frantic representations by the French Ambassador in Madrid, the meeting was held as planned and its conclusions endorsed by General Valino, the Spanish High Commissioner, and by the Spanish Cabinet in Madrid.

There is some doubt in Paris as to the real significance of Franco's action. Since the demonstration, the Khalifa has been pointedly silent and there were no manifestations in the French zone. Scarcely anyone thinks that the Spanish are able—or willing—to provoke real trouble. Most newspapers agreed that the demonstration was planned mainly as a gesture to mark Spain's return to the international scene. A few, like *Combat*, went further, and suggested that Franco was attempting to gain support among the Arab countries for Spain's admission to the U.N. Frenchmen noted with dismay that the Quai d'Orsay's first reaction, on hearing the news of the demonstration, was to seek the intervention of America—a Power whose presence in Morocco, as public opinion polls testify, is bitterly resented in France.

ROME

Government on a Tightrope

Signor Fanfani assembled his Ministry of All the Talents in the hope of appeasing as many groups as possible both within his own party and outside it. Signor Pastore, Secretary of the C.I.S.L. and focal point of some 20 deputies of the Demochristian Left, declined to take office; and Signor Fanfani's "Democratic Initiative" group of some 65 moderate progressives contributed only four significant figures apart from the Premier himself. Since two of these, as well as the Premier and eight other Ministers, had already held office under Signor Pella, they were acceptable enough to the 90 or so Demochristians of the Centre; while the last-minute inclusion of Signori Piccioni and Aldisio was partly a sop to the 75 or 85 Demochristians of the Right.

Uneasy unity was thus achieved within the Party; but outside it, votes canvassed by the Premier on the swings were lost on the roundabouts. The Right was alarmed at the prospect of his "Democratic Initiative," while the Left, already familiar with his high-handed methods as Minister of Labour, were confirmed in suspecting him as an opportunist when he wooed the Monarchists after failing to agree with Signor Saragat. Without the support of the Social-Democrats, Signor Fanfani had only two alternatives. The first was to bid for a Christian-Democrat, Liberal, and Republican alliance, which would require at least the abstention of the Monarchists to give it a majority of 10. Their abstention was uncertain, however, since the fall of the Fanfani Government would undoubtedly mean a return to the Pella policy of Monarchist alliance, if not coalition, which—for fear of Communist gains in any new elections—few Christian-Democrats would now be prepared to challenge. The other alternative was to seek the Socialist abstention already hinted at by Signor Nenni: but this, which was partly an attempt to outmanœuvre the Social-Democrats, was also conditional upon the Government's programme.

Signor Fanfani elected to walk the tightrope: and the programme he announced on Tuesday was neither controversial nor very impressive. Its main items included defence of the lira, continuation of moderate agricultural reform, and a large programme of public and private buildings. But the social reforms that Italy needs so badly cannot be achieved without some proposals more controversial than this. Accelerated land reform and anti-erosion measures; loans, equipment, and livestock for re-settled peasants; firmer intervention in the industrial dispute over minimum wages; greater degrees of nationalisation and control of industry; monopoly laws; laws regulating dismissals; firmer guarantees of the right to strike; re-organisation of the Civil Service; and taxation of the larger incomes commensurate with that of the other democracies—such steps as these require a Government independent of Right-wing minorities. It is natural for Christian Democrats to feel that a rapprochement with Signor Nenni would lead them into the clutches of Togliatti; but as sure a way to get there is to walk the tightrope until the next election.

WASHINGTON

The President Cuts Defence

A Correspondent writes: Two reasons have dictated the Defence cuts which President Eisenhower has proposed in his first Budget. One is his acceptance of the Pentagon's "New Look" in strategy; the military planners want to cut ground forces, and build up U.S. air and atomic power into a powerful "retaliatory" threat. The second is that if economies are to be made—and Congress in an election year is certainly going to reduce income taxes substantially—the easiest place to make big savings is in the security sector of the Budget, which already accounts for nearly 70 per cent. of the total. The service of the National Debt takes another 20 per cent., and only one-tenth of Federal expenditure is allocated to all other Government functions.

Whether or not the Pentagon's "New Look" was designed to meet fiscal rather than Defence needs, it is very convenient for the President. It allows him to plan for a cut of 400,000 in ground forces by July next year, and for a reduction of more than $3,000 millions in total Defence spending. By this, and other economies previously announced, he has brought the Budget as a whole to $7,000 millions below Mr. Truman's estimate, and the President looks forward to "similar reductions" next year. This means that U.S. arms expenditure over the next year will taper off sharply: next year it will be back, in money terms, to the level of 1952, when the Truman "mobilisation" was about to begin.

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Storm Over Morocco

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last August 21, the day after the deposition of Sultan Mohammed V, the Sherif El Kittani, who was one of the principal organisers of the *coup d'état*, announced that "this glorious victory" would enable the Moroccan people "to enjoy the fruits of peace, tranquillity and happiness." The first terrorist act—the derailment of a train—occurred three days after the *coup*. During the last five months, there has been an uninterrupted sequence of acts of violence (250 "incidents" up to mid-January), accompanied by a mounting toll of human life (58 deaths, 117 injured by December 24), and multiple arrests (4,000? 5,000?—nobody quite knows). The authorities have gone to fantastic lengths to crush the terrorists—importing detectives from France, police dogs from Tunisia, offering rewards of up to £1,000 (a fabulous sum for Moroccans, whose average income is £40 a year), imposing curfews and restrictions (bicycling is forbidden in the Arab quarter of Rabat) and enrolling Arab special constables (who have to be watched by French police because they are "unreliable"). At the end of December, General Guillaume informed the Cabinet that "the end of the terrorist wave is in sight"; a week later, the Chief of Police of the Casablanca area told the correspondent of *Le Monde* that his men, apart from catching a few terrorists red-handed, had no chance of striking at the roots of the organisation. Latest reports indicate that unrest is spreading from the towns to the country.

There seems little hope that even a temporary *modus vivendi* can be reached. Most of the "reforms" promised last August have been quietly forgotten. The plan for attaching Moroccan advisors to senior civil servants has been definitely abandoned. After five months, the date of the municipal elections has still not been fixed. The judicial reforms have been "temporarily postponed." The 10 per cent. increase in salaries has officially gone into effect, but the Ministry of Labour has decided not to prosecute in cases of non-compliance. Finally, the scheme to hold joint meetings of the European and Moroccan government councils has had to be dropped because, it appears, there is no suitable room in Rabat capable of holding 200 people.

All this adds up to a pattern familiar in French North Africa. Frenchmen, even some liberal Frenchmen, are inclined to take things philosophically and point out that the situation in Tunisia, after two years of terrorism, is now relatively calm again. But the two cases are by no means parallel, as the events of last week proved. For some time General Franco has been fishing in the troubled waters of Moroccan politics. Neither the Spanish authorities nor the feudal chieftains of the Spanish zone have ever accepted the new Sultan. Since August, Madrid has been visited by a miscellaneous procession of Arab politicians, culminating with the visit, just before Christmas, of M. Choukheiri, assistant secretary-general of the Arab League. At the end of December, General Guillaume warned the Cabinet that a demonstration of Moroccan notables was being planned in Tetuan, which might lead to a definite schism between the two zones. M. Bidault, who has never even pretended to keep up with Moroccan affairs, did nothing. Last Monday, however, the Quai d'Orsay was informed that the demonstration, scheduled for Thursday, would vote the Khalifa of the Spanish zone full powers "in the absence of the legitimate Sultan." Despite frantic representations by the French Ambassador in Madrid, the meeting was held as planned and its conclusions endorsed by General Valino, the Spanish High Commissioner, and by the Spanish Cabinet in Madrid.

There is some doubt in Paris as to the real significance of Franco's action. Since the demonstration, the Khalifa has been pointedly silent and there were no manifestations in the French zone. Scarcely anyone thinks that the Spanish are able—or willing—to provoke real trouble. Most newspapers agreed that the demonstration was planned mainly as a gesture to mark Spain's return to the international scene. A few, like *Combat*, went further, and suggested that Franco was attempting to gain support among the Arab countries for Spain's admission to the U.N. Frenchmen noted with dismay that the Quai d'Orsay's first reaction, on hearing the news of the demonstration, was to seek the intervention of America—a Power whose presence in Morocco, as public opinion polls testify, is bitterly resented in France.

ROME

Government on a Tightrope

Signor Fanfani assembled his Ministry of All the Talents in the hope of appeasing as many groups as possible both within his own party and outside it. Signor Pastore, Secretary of the C.I.S.L. and focal point of some 20 deputies of the Democristian Left, declined to take office; and Signor Fanfani's "Democratic Initiative" group of some 65 moderate progressives contributed only four significant figures apart from the Premier himself. Since two of these, as well as the Premier and eight other Ministers, had already held office under Signor Pella, they were acceptable enough to the 90 or so Democristians of the Centre; while the last-minute inclusion of Signori Piccioni and Aldisio was partly a sop to the 75 or 85 Democristians of the Right.

Uneasy unity was thus achieved within the Party; but outside it, votes canvassed by the Premier on the swings were lost on the roundabouts. The Right was alarmed at the prospect of his "Democratic Initiative," while the Left, already familiar with his high-handed methods as Minister of Labour, were confirmed in suspecting him as an opportunist when he wooed the Monarchists after failing to agree with Signor Saragat. Without the support of the Social-Democrats, Signor Fanfani had only two alternatives. The first was to bid for a Christian-Democrat, Liberal, and Republican alliance, which would require at least the abstention of the Monarchists to give it a majority of 10. Their abstention was uncertain, however, since the fall of the Fanfani Government would undoubtedly mean a return to the Pella policy of Monarchist alliance, if not coalition, which—for fear of Communist gains in any new elections—few Christian-Democrats would now be prepared to challenge. The other alternative was to seek the Socialist abstention already hinted at by Signor Nenni: but this, which was partly an attempt to outmanœuvre the Social-Democrats, was also conditional upon the Government's programme.

Signor Fanfani elected to walk the tightrope: and the programme he announced on Tuesday was neither controversial nor very impressive. Its main items included defence of the lira, continuation of moderate agricultural reform, and a large programme of public and private buildings. But the social reforms that Italy needs so badly cannot be achieved without some proposals more controversial than this. Accelerated land reform and anti-erosion measures; loans, equipment, and livestock for re-settled peasants; firmer intervention in the industrial dispute over minimum wages; greater degrees of nationalisation and control of industry; monopoly laws; laws regulating dismissals; firmer guarantees of the right to strike; re-organisation of the Civil Service; and taxation of the larger incomes commensurate with that of the other democracies—such steps as these require a Government independent of Right-wing minorities. It is natural for Christian Democrats to feel that a rapprochement with Signor Nenni would lead them into the clutches of Togliatti; but as sure a way to get there is to walk the tightrope until the next election.

WASHINGTON

The President Cuts Defence

A Correspondent writes: Two reasons have dictated the Defence cuts which President Eisenhower has proposed in his first Budget. One is his acceptance of the Pentagon's "New Look" in strategy; the military planners want to cut ground forces, and build up U.S. air and atomic power into a powerful "retaliatory" threat. The second is that if economies are to be made—and Congress in an election year is certainly going to reduce income taxes substantially—the easiest place to make big savings is in the security sector of the Budget, which already accounts for nearly 70 per cent. of the total. The service of the National Debt takes another 20 per cent., and only one-tenth of Federal expenditure is allocated to all other Government functions.

Whether or not the Pentagon's "New Look" was designed to meet fiscal rather than Defence needs, it is very convenient for the President. It allows him to plan for a cut of 400,000 in ground forces by July next year, and for a reduction of more than $3,000 millions in total Defence spending. By this, and other economies previously announced, he has brought the Budget as a whole to $7,000 millions below Mr. Truman's estimate, and the President looks forward to "similar reductions" next year. This means that U.S. arms expenditure over the next year will taper off sharply: next year it will be back, in money terms, to the level of 1952, when the Truman "mobilisation" was about to begin.

A Warning to Mr. Micawber

SINCE the war, the dollar deficit has forced successive British Chancellors to live like Mr. Micawber: though bankruptcy has seemed just around the corner, something has always turned up in time to stave it off. Each crisis in this hand-to-mouth existence has been met by American help — first the 1946 Loan, then Marshall Aid, and latterly Mutual Assistance. Yet little has been done to remove the causes of this continuing dollar gap, either by shifting the direction of British trade, or, on the part of the U.S., by accepting the large-scale imports which its creditor position demands. The Cold War, coupled with the shortage of essential foods and raw materials outside the dollar area, may have left Britain and its European neighbours little choice. But American preference for doles, rather than a liberal trade policy, has been dictated by domestic politics.

Despite this, Mr. Butler, like the Labour Chancellors before him, has gambled on American policy changing in the long run, and changing before the onset of a recession in the U.S. begins to stimulate the fears of the protectionists in Congress. So long, indeed, as Britain's economic balance is made to depend on a large supply of dollars, there has been little else to hope for, once Washington's slogan became "trade, not aid." This explains why the Report of the Randall Commission has been so eagerly awaited, and why it has dealt the optimists such a staggering blow. After a year's study of U.S. foreign trade, and after the chairman had made strenuous efforts to reconcile the differences of his oddly composed team, the Commission's elaborate Report falls far short of the minimum "liberalisation" that would be needed to close the dollar gap.

It is better, perhaps, that no false hopes should be raised. A Commission composed solely of "liberal" economists might well have made proposals that would, on paper, have gone a good way to liquidating a European dollar deficit that, at the end of last year, was still running between two and three billion dollars, and was only concealed by "extraordinary" U.S. expenditure on military establishments and stockpiling. Yet, whatever pleasure they caused in Europe, such proposals would certainly have been mangled out of recognition in the mill of Congress. By adding to the Commission such influential protectionists as Senator Millikin and Representatives Reed and Simpson, the President has at least ensured that the Report arouses no hopeless expectations. In the attempt to secure agreement, the "liberals" have had to leave out such essential measures as a special guarantee fund for convertibility, and stabilisation, by international agreement, of commodity prices; almost all their other suggestions, from lower tariffs to increased U.S. overseas investment, have been qualified or challenged by their protectionist colleagues.

It is no use dismissing this challenge as captious or unimportant. Senator Millikin not only expresses the attitude of most Republican Senators; he is also the man whose lead on trade policy a majority of them will follow once the President's trade programme reaches Capitol Hill. Mr. Simpson believes in higher, not lower tariffs, and Mr. Reed, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, is the leader of the "economy bloc" in the House. Together they have served notice on the White House that Congress is not prepared to go even so far as Mr. Randall wishes, let alone move towards the degree of "liberalisation" that both Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Butler would consider essential if Britain is actually to *earn* the dollars on which solvency depends.

It is futile to criticise these men as short-sighted or selfish. Like their congressional colleagues who face elections in November, they are primarily concerned with the prosperity of the businessmen and workers in their home districts. They do not like being taxed to provide doles for a feckless Europe and they do not see why tariffs should be cut, to enable "cheap foreign labour" to throw American working men on the street, and to help alien manufacturers make life difficult for American business. These, after all, are the interests they were elected to protect. That is why, when America was riding the post-war boom, they only grudgingly accepted the aid programmes, and why, with a recession threatening, they now revert to their protectionist traditions.

Their attitude is regrettable, but it is a fact. It is the more unfortunate because the scale of imports from Europe that would close the dollar gap may be large from Europe's standpoint but is almost insignificant by comparison with total American production. The Congressmen who fear "unfair" foreign competition never seem to have understood that Europe's dollar fortunes are made or lost in the margins of the American economy; quibbling about the fate of the American firms that may possibly be forced to meet European competitors on something nearer equal terms, they lose sight of the fact that the political consequences of the dollar deficit may be immense.

Eight years of economic education, however, have not sufficed to teach this lesson. By their reaction even to the hestitant "liberalism" of the Randall Report, Senator Millikin and his Republican colleagues have shown that they have failed to pass the final examination which would qualify them to govern a creditor nation. For our part, their failure must be a warning. Even if the President could persuade Congress to do all that Mr. Randall believes necessary, our long-term prospects of closing the dollar gap would be shadowy. But, on Senator Millikin's terms, they are non-existent. Britain, therefore, must stop expecting some new dispensation to turn up, and begin rapidly to change the pattern of trade—and, equally, the political relationships which go with it — that produces the dollar deficit and dollar dependence. Even Mr. Randall concedes, for instance, the need for greater East-West trade; Britain must also develop sterling trade within the Commonwealth and liberalise its trade with a "protected" European economy and its overseas affiliates. This is the least that will do, especially as a recession in the U.S. could further and rapidly widen the dollar gap to dangerous proportions. Not choice, but necessity is the master. Mr. Micawber has had a long run; now, unless he heeds the warning, he faces the debtor's prison.

Breakdown of the Suez Talks

IT would be pleasant to believe that the outbreak of violence in the Canal Zone will die away, like its many predecessors, and be duly followed by resumed negotiations. But this complacent view completely contradicts everything which I learnt in Cairo a month ago. At that time Sir Ralph Stevenson had just returned, and the informal talks, which broke down last October, were being tentatively resumed by the Revolutionary Council in order to see if the Ambassador had brought back a new British offer. Within a day or two it was clear that he had not. So far from making any further concessions, Sir Winston and Mr. Eden, alarmed by the protests of their backbenchers, felt that they had already gone too far. Sir Ralph had to state that Britain's very last word had been spoken; if the Egyptians would not accept it, the British Army was prepared to sit it out in the Canal Zone. This put the Revolutionary Council on the spot. As Hilaly Pasha said to me, "These young soldiers have already conceded to you more than any of us old Egyptian politicians would have dared to concede; now they can't go any further without risking their régime." If this interpretation is correct, the violence in the Canal Zone is not an unfortunate incident *between* talks, but the beginning of a new phase, *after* the talks have broken down.

Before we jump to the conclusion that this deadlock (and the extremely ugly consequences which must follow from it) are inevitable, it may be worth while to review, as objectively as possible, the attitude of General Neguib and his Revolutionary Council. During the days I was in Cairo, I had long conversations with the General himself, with Colonel Abdel Nasser, who has now finally emerged as the unchallenged leader of the Council, and with three of his closest associates, Colonel Anwar Sadat, Major Salah Salem, and his elder brother, Wing-Commander Gamal Salem, who controls social policy and who is rated the most extreme and articulate exponent of the Council's views.

My conversations centred on three topics: (1) the cause of the breakdown in the negotiations; (2) the consequences which will follow from that breakdown; and (3) relations with Israel. On the first topic, Colonel Nasser told me that, in his view, agreement had been reached on all the substantial points the British had put forward. The Agreement is to last for seven years, during which the 4,000 British technicians, permitted to remain and maintain the Base, shall be training Egyptians to replace them. Meanwhile, all British fighting troops, together with their equipment, shall be withdrawn by the end of 15 months. The Base is to be commanded by an Egyptian General, with a British deputy. But it has been conceded that the Egyptian should be in charge of administration, while the British No. 2 would exert complete technical control.

According to Colonel Nasser, there are only four disputed clauses, and he showed me the British drafts of these clauses, with his pencilled comments on them. The first was a Preamble to the whole Agreement, dealing with the status

of the Canal. Though the Council dislike this, Nasser said they were willing to accept it. The second was an extremely wordy and obscure sentence referring to the "working clothes" which the British technicians retained in the Base should wear, and laying it down that they should be entitled to wear uniform when necessary. The third was another single sentence, stating that consultations should take place, before the seven years are up, on the future of the Base. The fourth was a long clause dealing with "reactivation." This will be automatic (a) if there is aggression against Egypt; (b) if there is aggression against any member of the Arab League; and (c) if the United Nations Assembly recommends sanctions against an aggressor. On the other hand, there are to be joint consultations in the event of an attack on Iran or Turkey.

My impression was that, on the first three points, there would be no serious difficulty in reaching an agreement, but Colonel Nasser was adamant about "reactivation." He has agreed to automatic British re-entry in the event of aggression against any member of the Arab League, and to immediate consultation if there is a threat to Persia or Turkey. What he refuses to accept is an automatic "reactivation" if there is trouble, say, in Indo-China or South America, and the United Nations recommends sanctions against the aggressor. This, he remarked to me, is tantamount to permitting British re-entry whenever America decides to demand it, since America controls an automatic majority in the Assembly. And one of his colleagues asked me bluntly whether we would be prepared to accept such a violation of our national sovereignty. "Are you ready to see American atom bombers operating from Norfolk *automatically* in the event of a recommendation by the Assembly?"

My own view, however, is that the real obstacle to agreement is not the wording of any of these four clauses. What is at stake is, quite simply, whether the British Government trusts the Neguib régime. If co-operation is possible, then it is futile to go on wrangling about the precise wording of this agreement. If it is impossible, then further negotiations are a waste of time.

I found General Neguib and his young colleagues no less anxious than they were a year ago to achieve an agreement. As professional soldiers, they see that, whereas Egypt might reasonably adopt neutralism as a peacetime policy, she could not remain neutral in any actual war affecting the Middle East; and they no longer believe, as they used to, that the U.S. will help them to get rid of the British. What they want is an agreement which recognises Egyptian sovereignty and Egypt's right to be treated as an ally, negotiating with Britain on equal terms. What they resent, as General Neguib himself stressed to me, is the implication, which has been there throughout these talks, that they cannot be trusted to honour their bond, and Britain must always be in a position to enforce her will upon them. "There is no basis for an agreement," Nasser said to me, "so long as Sir Winston adopts that attitude. If Britain wants us as an ally, let her treat us as an ally. But if you are determined to enforce your will, then why waste time negotiating?"

This brought me to my second question. It was clear enough that the informal talks could not be spun out much longer and that, if they broke down this time, they would not be resumed. What then would ensue? On this point Colonel Nasser was very frank with me. Here is a summary of his argument which I made the same afternoon:

> If Sir Winston is not prepared to concede us our national sovereignty and to co-operate with us as an equal ally, we shall be compelled, however unwillingly, to institute a policy of non-co-operation with the West and to use all our efforts to swing the rest of the Arab world into line with Egypt. I do not think you should under-rate the influence we can exert on Iraqi public opinion.
>
> The tension in the Suez area is bound to increase. The trouble in 1951 was irresponsibly unleashed by Wafdist politicians, who had made no serious preparations. We shan't make that mistake. We understand that the British are not prepared to negotiate under duress. I hope you equally appreciate that, if the negotiations break down, active non-co-operation on our part is bound to ensue. And I must add that such a policy will be far more popular with Egyptian public opinion, which has been taught to hate you for 70 years, than the kind of agreement with Britain which we have been trying to achieve ever since we came to power. We really want to co-operate with you, unlike some of the old gang politicians, and it is the fact that Sir Winston seems completely uncomprehending of who we are and what we have been trying to do, which has so disturbed us.

"But, once you have gone in for active non-co-operation," I replied, "the bridges will be burnt. There will be no turning back." "Yes," he said, "they will be burnt, and that is why it must be avoided if it is humanly possible."

The last subject I raised was Egyptian-Israeli relations. Much of what was said was off the record, but I gained the very definite impression that Colonel Nasser and his colleagues take a different view of Israel from that of the politicians in other Arab countries. Though they would probably be unwilling to admit it openly, they have faced the obvious fact that Israel has come to stay and that there is no prospect of ever satisfying the clamour of the Arab refugees for a return to their lands in Palestine. On this issue I found in Cairo a realism notably absent in Jordan. "What, then, are the aims of the Revolutionary Council?" I asked. We were sitting in Army Headquarters, looking out over the Nile, when Colonel Nasser suddenly got up and went over to the wall, where there was a great map of Palestine and Sinai. "I am a soldier," he said, "not a politician. You talk to us a great deal about a common defence of the Middle East, but a coherent defensive system is impossible so long as Egypt is cut off from her Arab neighbours."

I suggested that arrangements might be made with Israel to allow contact by the road which used to run from Egypt via the Gulf of Akaba to Amman. "That is not good enough," he said. "Surely you see what is necessary is that Israel should cede the territory south of the Beersheba-Gaza line. That would make military sense for a plan of Middle Eastern defence and, incidentally, it would have the advantage of providing the land in the northern area on which the refugees in Gaza could be settled." Under pressure he was very emphatic that this did not mean that he was looking to a Second Round: but he stuck to his point that Israel's present frontiers, which cut off Egypt from her Arab allies, are indefensible and would somehow have to be modified.

At this I grew a little impatient and said to him, almost facetiously, "Well, if you're as difficult as all that, the most sensible thing would be, if the Israeli agree, to station some of our troops within their territory. Then we could be certain there would be no Second Round." To my surprise, he replied: "If you can make that arrangement with the Israeli, that is your own affair." "Are you prepared to let me publish that?" I said. "Why not?" he replied. "I am prepared to let you state it as my view."

Reflecting on these conversations, I cannot help feeling that Sir Winston is throwing away what may be the last chance of preserving Britain's position in the Middle East. Without an Anglo-Egyptian agreement, that position, as well as Arab-Jewish relations, will continue to deteriorate. But if he could accept a withdrawal of fighting troops from Suez, Sir Winston, whose Zionist record gives him an unrivalled influence in Israel, could still be the architect of Middle Eastern peace. He might even, with a bit of luck, obtain a base for our troops in a friendly country.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

WOULD anyone believe that God's decision to flatten the Tower of Babel would be used in our day by the responsible head of a State to justify a policy of racial intolerance? I would not have believed it if I had not read a recent speech by Dr. Malan at Stellenbosch. In that famous event God had shown his rejection of attempts to unify the nations; therefore a Commission is appointed to find how to apply the principle of segregation to the only two South African universities where it is not already practised! A number of South African universities have non-segregation charters, but it is only in the universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand (Johannesburg) that White and non-White students actually study together. The campaign to drive them apart has been going on since 1948. Administrative tricks have been used to hamper the studies of non-Europeans, travel permits have been cancelled, and non-Europeans winning foreign scholarships have been refused passports. At Witwatersrand the Government cancelled student scholarships for Africans to study medicine; whereupon the students set up their own scholarship fund, and, with the help of outside donations, have been able to grant scholarships to fourteen Africans. Several South African papers, including the *Cape Times*, and several courageous professors have exposed the folly of *apartheid* in universities. No trouble arises from students of different races working together; on the contrary, the reason for Dr. Malan's attack is just because the harmony with which they work together exposes the wicked and fraudulent character of *apartheid*. The campaign against university segregation which the students themselves are organising all over South Africa lays special stress on the necessity of fighting totalitarianism; if a university cannot decide what students it will accept, its freedom is clearly at an end. These students deserve and need all the help they can get from sane public opinion. It must be expressed in terms of power and influence, for who can refute by argument the testimony of the Tower of Babel?

* * *

No one who has followed the behaviour of the North Korean and Chinese prisoners doubts that there was *some* truth in the Communist claim that they were organised and controlled by agents of Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek. I recall that the Indians removed some prisoners, accused of such activities, from the compounds under their control. But I have now seen an Associated Press report which leaves no doubt about the matter. It is sent by an American journalist who took it from the trunk teleprinter circuit.

> Panmunjon, Jan. 20 (AP.).—South Korean Army officials, including several Generals, today welcomed the reputed boss of more than 7,000 Korean War prisoners returning from Indian custody.
>
> Moon Joong Ho, 39, shook hands and exchanged greetings with the Generals, then accompanied them to a nearby tent for a private conference.
>
> Moon told newsmen he controlled more than

4,000 members of the "anti-Communist Youth Organisation" in the anti-Red South Camp. But R.O.K. officials said he actually was regarded as the leader of more than 7,000 Korean prisoners.

This report came over the wire under the give-away heading: "POW BOSS."

* * *

If the Imperial Tobacco Company shouted from the hoardings: "Don't smoke so many cigarettes!", or if Coleman's advertisements were to insist that we ought never to leave mustard on our plates, people would think that the revolution had come. Well, in part it has; the National Coal Board's film, to be released next week, will prove it. Its message is that we are "the champion coal wasters of Europe"; the objects of its criticism are two other nationalised industries, British Railways and the British Electricity Authority, which are vastly extravagant with Britain's most valuable asset. The railways use 14 million tons of coal a year, of which more than 12½ million go "up the spout." In the electricity stations two-thirds of the power in coal goes "up the spout." The Coal Board also scolds itself, because the shots of leaking pipes, belching steam at the joints, are from one of its own pithead installations, and, of course, it ticks us all off for the scandalous wastage from the domestic fires. One of the most telling shots in this hard-hitting film, "Coal—Our Wasting Asset," made for the N.C.B. by Francis Gysin of the DATA Film Unit, is of a group of retired miners. Together their pit lives totalled 550 years underground. Of that they spent seven years hacking out coal "which never did anything for anybody, except make them filthy," and another 405 years cutting coal which just went to waste.

* * *

"No," I said, "I *don't* believe Hemingway arranged it." "But," said my friend, "it's too good to be true. The crash landing to avoid both ibis-birds and crocodiles, with no one hurt; the night among the elephants; the second crash, and Hemingway's use of his head to batter open the aircraft door; the fire, and two cracked ribs and an injured arm, and the hero's disclaimer of any special danger or act of courage. It's too good to be true." "No," I said firmly, "I think it's all true. Hemingway is unlike other tough novelists who write about toughs; he really knows such characters and has lived among them. I met him in Madrid during the Spanish War; he carried conviction when he wrote about blood and thunder because unlike so many other literary figures, he had experienced them. I should say myself that it all happened, and that it really *is* only a coincidence that the Hemingway story pushed Somerset Maugham's 80th birthday off the front page of New York newspapers."

* * *

I remember before the war it was said that in England we always had to have a Grand Old Man of Letters, and that the G.O.M. of that period was Virginia Woolf. Today no one has any doubts. Somerset Maugham is one of the few writers whose reputation will be steady. I suspect that he will be read, just as Guy de Maupassant is read, by each generation. He is not of the quite top rank, but he is one of the world's best short-story writers, and his work has none of that controversial character which makes people push writers like Wells and Shaw out of their minds as soon as they're dead, where they will remain until another swing of ideological fashion. Maugham has a wonderful face made of very old parchment, patterned with innumerable creases and wrinkles. In repose, it looks tired and cynical, but lights up, alive with human understanding, when he smiles. I thought, as he talked to me for a few minutes at the Times Bookshop's reception on Tuesday night, that he was tired of being celebrated; but, so odd is human nature, I feel sure that he liked being bored.

* * *

Mr. Blackman was a grocer with a beard; as a small boy I every week bought a pound of butter from him at a cost of 1*s.* 2*d.* It had to be Mrs. Lewis's butter; in those days, town and country were so near that the careful housewife knew which farm provided the best produce at the most economical rate. My mother would never have had margarine in the house, though the total family income was not, in those days, more than £260 a year. Butter was a symbol of respectability and good housekeeping; instinctively, I still think so today. Even in the less spacious days before the last war, your milkman would leave at your door all the eggs, butter and cream you wanted. Butter has always been a lure and a pleasing deception. One Old Testament character, if I remember rightly, was enticed to his doom by a lady who "brought forth butter on a lordly dish." Nor is he the only historical case of a man who was destroyed by being buttered-up. Now, with butter coming off the ration, we shall be able, I suppose, to have our eggs buttered, great lumps of butter in our jacket potatoes, crumpets soaked in butter, and we shall even be able to put butter on our hands if we burn them. That is, if we can afford these luxuries. A working definition of Utopia would be a country where everyone could buy as much butter as he liked, at a price he could afford. As it is, after May 8, we shall all once again feast on butter, except, of course, the poor—and Edith Summerskill.

CRITIC

PERTURBED SPIRIT

We have recently had spiritual contact with President Wilson, who criticised . . . the United Nations. *Pope Pham Cong Tac.*

Nobody thinks it in the least surprising
If a departed President of the United States
Re-opens earthly communications,
(From wherever dead Presidents abide)
If either descending from the Pearly Gates,
Or out of the Bottomless Pit arising,
President Wilson, on the Other Side
Unburdens himself on the United Nations.

No one is surprised if this late American President,
Spiritual father of the League,
Inventor of American idealism,
In fact the League of Nations' original martyr,
Speaks (from wherever he may be resident)
Denouncing as a sheer anachronism
The United Nations Charter.

No one is surprised that he should speak,
For whether the League was worse, with America out of it,
Or the United Nations with America in,
There's not a doubt of it
Both owe their origin
To the Wilsonian *mystique.*

None is surprised the League of Nation's father,
And so the United Nation's unwilling progenitor,
Seeing his spiritual offspring on the slippery slope,
Returns (from wherever Presidents go when they die),
His misbegotten progeny to damn—
But everyone is astounded, everyone's asking why
President Wilson would rather
Manifest himself to an Annamite Pope
Than to a Soviet Commissar or Washington Senator,
And why the hell he chose to materialise in Vietnam?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"The battle area this season," says Hardy Amies, "is the bust and above."—*Evening Standard.* (Mrs. M. M. Howie.)

My husband is thoughtful. Our hot-water bottle has started to leak, and I can't stand getting into a cold bed. So every night my husband plugs in the electric iron.

While I'm undressing he irons my side of the bed. Then I get in and iron his side.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (Colin Abbott)

As a normal wife and mother I have found Latin immensely helpful in every way.—Letter in *Daily Mail.* (J. V. Stalker.)

Make yourself an attractive background. Few things make a woman feel so good as to emerge from a pretty room through a well-painted door with a couple of trees in tubs either side of her.—*News Chronicle.* (M. G. Pringle.)

My husband and I went into an empty café for a meal. We ordered boiled ham, chips and tea. The waitress brought two forks on the plates. "No knives?" I said. "Sorry, madam," she said. "No knives lent after 7.30 p.m. When it gets dark some of our customers start to fight with them."—Letter in *Reveille.* (H. Murray.)

Twenty-five prison warders will take a week-end course in judo this month . . .

It is part of a course to train them as sports instructors. When they return to Dartmoor and other prisons they will teach prisoners what they have learned.—*Sunday Express.* (M. Shuttleworth.)

Democracy in Nigeria

THE rainy season was over, and the banks of mud that no car could scale, the axle-breaking potholes and the swamps that even a four-wheel drive could not rush were all smoothed down to mere ruts and bumps on the road that took us to the election. You could make nearly thirty miles an hour, hooting along with the chickens running under your wheels; the little goats and sheep—indistinguishable except that goats turn up their tails and sheep simply let theirs fall down—could also be avoided with last-minute swerves. The innumerable Africans on cycles obligingly took to the ditches to make way for an official car.

All along on both sides of the road, under the palm and oil-bean trees, there streamed an endless freize of black figures carrying merchandise piled high on their heads. The men wear bits and pieces of European dress; fashions among women vary even more widely, some having a piece of material twisted round their waists, others sporting coloured blouses or old frocks, survivals, perhaps, from a mission school. Women with babies on their backs do not have to unpark them when they want to feed; their naked, sagging breasts are easily reached under their arms by the baby as he sits. Convenient and efficient, but not good for the figure. All carry, balanced on their heads, clay water bottles, great baskets of yams and bananas wrapped in palm leaves, big enamel washing basins full of everything on earth, with almost always a small wooden stool tied on the top, for the seller to sit upon when the market is reached. All these people were engaged in preparation for taking in one another's washing, which, if you come to think about it, is all any of us are doing whether we are investing in gold shares or buying a packet of cigarettes.

We reached the village after an hour's driving, miraculously without killing anything. Outside

the brick-built Catholic school—so often the best building to be found in Eastern Nigeria—many Africans were standing or sitting, waiting for the process of democracy to develop. There were three main groups—"kindreds" or exogamous groups—sitting ready to tell the young English A.D.O. who acts as returning officer, whether they had reached agreement about the men they wanted to speak for them on the voting college that would select their representatives to the Eastern Regional Assembly. They sat in groups on the grass which covered the open space, with palm trees and acacias to shade it. Great, gorgeous butterflies fluttered overhead. I went with the A.D.O. and his orderly and interpreter into the school. The classrooms, strung along in a row, were beautifully clean and tidy; teacher had drawn clever little pictures illustrating nursery rhymes that were written out in copperplate by the side. One seemed to me a personal variant on a familiar tale. It began "Little Tommy Tratchet, sat upon his cratchet" which is not, to my mind, easily translated into English. Perhaps it goes better into Ebo. In one of the rooms there was a little wedding party engaged in ceremonial breakfast. The bride, pretty with her black limbs and smart white frock, giggles with her sisters or bridesmaids when we speak to them.

Everything is set for the voting in the school. Outside, the A.D.O. speaks to each of the kindreds in turn. The first had agreed on their three candidates, and thought their task was over. The other two had not agreed. Indeed the third, the awkward squad, had chosen ten names for their four places. They were all assembled outside the school, and persuaded to silence by the fez-capped "court messengers", (or, as we should say, ushers or stewards or constables). Whenever the noise got too loud, when too many pressed forward too far, when one man insisted on speaking too much or out of turn, when queues had to form and anyone showed signs of disorderly conduct, the court messengers waved their arms or sticks until discipline was restored. They had collected different kinds of sticks to add to their authority. How good-tempered they all were! One constable armed himself with a big piece of wood wrenched, I should say, from an old window-frame. Still stuck in it was a two-inch nail; when this terrible weapon was waved threateningly everyone, including the policeman shouted with laughter. No one thought anyone was going to be hit.

When they were gathered together, the A.D.O. explained that it would have been convenient if the law had allowed him to take each of the three kindreds separately, but they were legally all a single unit, so that if anyone objected to any of the nominations, all the candidates would have to put up for election by everyone. This led to a palaver, because the kindred that had decided on its three candidates did not see why others should have a say in their affairs, and some of this kindred, believing that their part was done, were reported to have gone home. Sorry, said the A.D.O., this was the law. It might be changed next time, but today, if anyone challenged any of the candidates, he would have to be included in the list, even though all his kindred agreed about him. Whereupon, one talkative fellow, himself a candidate for another kindred, objected, much to the annoyance of the great majority; it was just like a Labour Party Conference, when a man of little standing, but of stubborn character, insists on his right to push an amendment to the vote and is necessarily supported by the Chair in spite of angry protests.

I listened to the interpreter's translations to the A.D.O. These new democrats understood very clearly the pros and cons, and agreed that the Chair must abide by standing orders, even when they were silly. Privately I asked the objector why he had pressed his rights. He said: "Because the common man must be given his chance." A phrase surely from a nationalist newspaper? I urged—he was one of the few who talked enough English to argue—that on the contrary he seemed to be depriving one of the kindreds of their fair chance. . . . After a minute he said: "But *I* should have a better chance of being elected myself if we all vote for all the candidates." Then I knew that democracy was understood among the Ebo.

First, the demagogic slogan with its pretence of altruism; then the private admission that democracy means, as it was originally meant to do, that men agreed to use their wits and skill, rather than their physical strength, to get their own way and achieve power. The rules may be changed, but as long as they are there the game must be played according to the book of the words. But it is unwise to be too smart about the rules. When the votes were counted it was found that the kindred which had agreed upon their candidate, voted solid, and so got their men to the top of the poll, while the candidate, who had challenged them with sly obstinacy, was unsuccessful.

The voting itself took a long time. The A.D.O. sat in a classroom with a table and list of the candidates, and made crosses against their names, as the voters—some 600-odd—each said the names of their favoured candidates. Most of them only voted for three or four of their own kindred; they were not interested in men they did not know. They watched with satisfaction the crosses going down against their chosen candidate, and they were then pushed by the court messengers into another classroom and kept there lest, in their democratic enthusiasm, they might be tempted to rejoin the queue and vote a second time. In the end everyone was satisfied. All the right candidates were elected, and we left amidst the noisy cheering of an election night. A party of gaily dressed women and children passed in procession, shouting and singing. It was very like polling day at home. It was a day out, and everyone knew it was important too.

During the voting I walked out among the candidates and talked to some who knew a little English. Several of them were teachers; one was a contractor and carpenter, who wanted me to help him get tools from an English firm. One was a popular chief. One of the policemen joined in our talk. I asked about the part they thought the British ought to play in the future Nigeria. They all declared that they could not do without English help; they had not enough of their own technicians and officials. How could they have had such an election without the English A.D.O.? They would not have trusted, they said, any of their own people to do the job disinterestedly; they would have quarrelled about the voting, and accused each other of dirty politics. Not even the great Zik himself, they said, wanted British men thrown out; they only wanted independence. They believed that the British Government meant to go, but they feared that London was saying, "Thus far and no farther." I asked for examples. Africans, they said, had been allowed to take part in prospecting and digging holes in the ground, but as soon as oil was reported, Africans were excluded. I suggested that when the government was wholly theirs, they could dictate the terms of the Shell contract, and that anyway, the revenue of the country depended a good deal on the taxes paid by big foreign firms. But they had made their point. They feared that the British hoped to satisfy them by a facade of political freedom, while the profits from economic development still flow to foreign firms.

I walked into the Bush along a path that took me to a compound of rectangular mud houses. I was beset by a curious and friendly people. The father of the family, naked apart from a bit of scarf round his loins, was climbing up a tall palm tree. He had a twisted rope of creeper, cunningly knotted round both himself and the tree-trunk, and he walked up swiftly, leaning outwards against the rope, with his feet using the natural steps made from past lopping of the lower boughs. High at the top he fixed a gourd and made a cut; the sap would leak into the gourd, and make palm wine. Down below, grandfather came out and sat in a chair with his family, of all generations in both sexes, grouped round him, for all the world like a wedding group in a Victorian album. One of the sons took me into his hut. It was bare and clean, and he had it to himself, because he was a student. He had a table and two or three books. One was in Ebo; another was an English grammar, produced by the Oxford University Press for West Africans. It had a picture of a reaping machine at work in an English cornfield. I wondered what he made of that. Outside he showed me the banana trees, and the grain growing in small patches, and the pumpkin plants among the palm trees. Piccaninnies took my hand, and led me in triumph to the village. They took me to a stall, where a woman offered me oranges, sweet and ripe and three a penny. I exchanged addresses with the student. He said he would write to me; he seemed pleased when I gave him three pence for a stamp, but I doubt if he will write. He will tell his Catholic teachers, and they will say that the *N.S. & N.* is a Godless paper and I a no-good, non-Catholic man.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Thoughts in the Wilderness

EROS AND LOGOS

THERE are some people who become impatient and angry if they are confronted by large, loose, wild generalisations. (They can usually tolerate a few of their own: it is yours they object to.) Such people should not read what follows. It is not for them. I must point out, however, that the object of these pieces of mine is to provoke thought and discussion, chiefly by their refusal to treat routine topics in a routine fashion. They do not pretend to be the Word of the Lord, tablets of stone hauled down from the sacred mountain. I am merely trying to arouse the interest of the English-speaking middle class, overworked, worried, and on the edge of the last ditch. So I am capable of using anthropological and other terms that will set me at cross-purposes with some readers. For example: *matriarchy*. What do I mean when I suggest (partly out of devilment) that a matriarchy might save us?

Certainly I do not mean that Cabinet offices, the Judiciary, the Higher Command, the F.B.I., and the T.U.C., should be taken over as soon as possible by bustling, ambitious women. Nor that the images of fat fertility goddesses should be erected jointly by the Ministries of Works and Agriculture. What I am suggesting is that we should begin substituting, in our scheme of life, the values of the feminine principle, Eros, Yin, for those of the masculine principle, Logos, Yang. These are not identical with male and female. I am myself a fairly robust male but I am devoted to Eros rather than to Logos. Much modern literature, as widely different as the novels of Mr. E. M. Forster and D. H. Lawrence,

is a defence of Eros against Logos. On the other hand, many women, including the most aggressive feminists, are devotees of Logos, Yang girls. Not long ago, I received a report of a women's conference in which the conclusions, which gave the impression that a woman was simply a neater, kinder sort of man, had clearly been arrived at under the spell of Logos. Those good ladies had not invited Yin to their conference: they probably knew she would not have behaved herself.

Risking the largest and wildest generalisations, let us consider the four Great Powers, America, Russia, Britain and France, in terms of Eros and Logos, Yin and Yang. It is among the ironies of our time that the two main contestants, America and Russia, both represent societies that have too much Logos and not enough Eros. The rest of us have to choose not between Yin and Yang but between two Yangs. Which is yet another reason why we feel so uneasy, war or no war. We suspect that, whatever happens, Eros is out, not Yang.

Thus I cannot agree with my correspondent who declared that America is a matriarchy. Appearances there are deceptive. Girls may be made much of, there may be much sentiment about Mother, woman (being widowed early) may own much of the wealth of the country, yet American society does not show us Eros triumphant. Its chief values are masculine values. The restlessness, ruthless ambition, emphasis on change, inventions, gadgets, mechanical progress, rather pedantic idealism, the idolatry of business, are all masculine, Yang stuff. That famous phrase "The business of America is *business*" would seem to Eros the manifesto of a lunatic. Even the jazzing up of sex—the girl as "quite a dish"—is Yang at work. (In the world of Eros it is the mature woman and not the young girl who is important.) Fifth Avenue shows us Logos bribing Eros with silks and gems. Woman in urban America has everything except the deep and lasting rewards of Eros. I once saw a party of middle-aged American women, lined, nervous, haunted, being shown a group of Indian squaws, smiling, fat, sleek as seals. The white women, encouraged by the woman guide, were pitying the red women, who had to do so much of the hard work. But the red women were not pitying themselves: they lived under Eros, and kept on smiling, with just a hint of feminine insolence. Of course, they would have liked to have had washing machines and four sets of nylon underclothes. But not at the Logos price, thank you. Hard work or no hard work, they were living in the right world.

Eros has to come in somewhere, of course, but if the masculine principle is supremely triumphant, not properly balanced, then Eros arrives in an inferior form. The result is a taste for crude sex and hard liquor, sex without personal relationship, drink as a short cut to unconsciousness. Naturally there are a great many Americans who dislike this style of life, but nobody who knows urban America and the literature (often very powerful) that represents it could deny that it is a style of life much in favour there. Eros throws the party when the serious work of the day has been done. When the Yang is tired, he 'phones for the Yin. But the masculine values are the real values, shaping and colouring society.

The essential Russian character, as displayed by its great literature and even by Party members after ten glasses of vodka in a room without microphones, belongs more to Eros than to Logos, though it has always been haunted by a kind of wild Logos spectre. (Those country houses in Turgenev show us both the Eros values and the Logos speculation.) But Russian Communism is Logos gone mad. Revolutions nearly always start in an Eros atmosphere, with much talk of private happiness, much love-making and the swearing of eternal friendships, and then soon swing over to Logos, with more laws, more police, more demands for instant obedience. A State that ignores the claims, which ought to be primary, of lovers, husbands and wives, parents and children, represents the Logos at work without any check from Eros. It destroys private happiness, all those relationships and styles of life that are at the heart of Eros, for the sake of a theory, or mere power, or some vague dream of happiness that has never been realised yet. To Eros this is the substance being destroyed for the shadow, and therefore sheer lunacy. If Russia is not a complete hell on earth, that is because Eros, the Yin values, still keep breaking through, though their activities are never on the agenda.

Here, to keep the balance, I must add my belief that a society entirely dominated by Eros would sink into stagnation and sloth, and oddly enough, I suspect, would begin to develop its own cruelties, Yin being as cruel in her way as Yang can be in his. But we need not worry about this state of things. Our immediate dangers are far on the other side. The Yang has his foot pressed down on the accelerator.

We are between two vast and powerful societies that are governed, each in its own way, by the masculine principle not reasonably balanced by the feminine. That such societies should be piling up atom bombs should surprise nobody. This is Logos on the spree. And it is significant that in both these societies the emphasis is on quantities of things rather than on the quality of personal experience. Soviet propaganda and American advertisements often seem to speak with almost the same voice: the management is different but the enterprise is broadly the same. If I must choose, I would prefer an American victory to a Russian one, just as I would prefer writing TV advertisements for corn flakes to lumbering on thin cabbage soup in Siberia. But I do not want either of these Yang-heavy societies, which are less harmonious, less civilised, less capable of providing the deeper satisfactions, than the smaller and older communities they are dominating and then swallowing. We should have formed a neutral block, wearing the colours of the Yin, under the banner of Eros, who has not yet been completely banished from Western Europe.

Some people see in the Welfare State the handiwork of Eros. I wish I could agree with them. But though Welfare may belong to Eros, the State does not; and it seems to me that in the Welfare State the emphasis is on the state, with Logos firmly in command. (And I cannot help wondering if some of the results of the Welfare State do not show the re-entry of Eros in an inferior form, creating a dim passivity.) There is, however, in British life still a suggestion that Yin is with us. We find traces of her in the flexibility of our official machinery, in our lingering respect for private life, in a traditional piety towards earth, in the wealth of our odd hobbies and pastimes, in the wide network (to which we should cling) of our voluntary associations. Eros still broods over much of our country life.

If we want to see more of Eros, we should look across the Channel. Much of the condemnation of the French comes from the irritation felt by Logos for Eros. Try as they might to meet the Yang commitments, the French cannot help being guided by Yin values. That is why even the people who are most irritated by France, when they are discussing politics, want to spend their holidays there. They need the refreshment, the healing touch, of Eros. They want at least a little time away from the arid lunacies of Logos. And if I were a Frenchman, instead of being apologetic I would rise up in wrathful defence of my country's failure to turn itself into an efficient machine. I would declare that in our apparent Yin chaos, our wild Eros individualism, we were cherishing values that the other great powers were beginning to forget; that we were trying to preserve the sensible human scale; that we refused to sacrifice private happiness, discovered in the family, among lovers and friends, in the arts and genuine craftsmanship, for public bosh, power and statistics; that we still knew, if other people had forgotten, what deep satisfaction came from the service of Eros and the Yin. There are of course many things wrong with France, just as there are with the other three countries, but you can still find there a zest and a sparkle hard to discover in New York, Moscow or London. It is the twinkle in the eyes of Eros.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Potash Story

CONTEMPORARIES knew Edward Broughton as an Ironside officer endowed by a whimsical Providence with an enviable gift for extempore prayer and a daughter who became one of the most famous and successful of courtesans at a time when competition was keen and professional standards high. Economic historians, however, remember him as the agricultural pioneer who bought ash-residues from a local soap-works to spread as fertiliser on his fields. The point is remote but prophetic. Broughton was the first man on record to go to sources beyond the boundaries of the farm in his search for what we today call K_2O, potassium or, more familiarly, potash.

The modern potash story begins casually in the year 1856, when salt-workers at Stassfurt in Saxony happened to strike huge strata of potassium salts. The discovery of this buried treasure was accidental, the exploitation of this and other deposits deliberate and skilful, and by 1900 the German potash industry was producing over a million tons of fertiliser a year. Yet it was some time before this valuable new manure reached the Englishman's fields in any quantity, and the manner of its coming illustrates interestingly the place in the modern rural economy of those productional aids we call fertilisers.

Nature has provided each particular type of soil with a particular level of fertility, and she is prepared to make good in devious ways a certain proportion of the losses which occur. Whenever you mow your grass and throw away the cuttings, for instance, you are extracting fertility from your lawn, but you can do so periodically for a very long time before the grass begins to suffer from the loss of plant-nutrients. More statistically, a certain famous plot in the Broadbalk Field at Rothamsted Experimental Station was sown with wheat every year from 1843 to 1925, receiving during this time no manure of any kind or even a fallowing "rest." At first the yield fell heavily, but then continued at a lower level, fluctuating only with the seasons; between 1852 and 1925 this plot averaged 7 cwt. of wheat per acre, which is about a third of the national figure.

The farmer, however, is not satisfied with such limited bounty. He wants more from the soil than nature is prepared to restore, and in the modern economy he knows that the plant-nutrients in the produce he sells to the towns are lost to the farm; they go with the snows of yesteryear, down the drain and away to the sea. Hence

his preoccupation with the manure-heap in which e collects the waste-products of the farm, straw rom his crops and excreta from his stock, for eturn to the land. Hence in part, too, his tradional habit of purchasing imported animal-odders, maize-meal from America, palm-kernel ake from Africa and the like, so that their nanurial residues can enrich his farmyard midden vith fertility from other men's fields. Hence, too, his more ambitious demands on the remoter king-dom of the minerals. And it so happened that corn and meat, the main exports off the farm in mid-Victorian times, make relatively light demands on the potash-resources of the soil. There was, in short, no particular need to supplement nature by buying potash. But times were changing and with them farming systems and therefore manurial need. In the twentieth century, purchased potash became an accepted tool of the British farmer's trade.

The main cause of this development was the changing place of the root-crops in the farming economy. For one thing, as corn lost its ancient primacy, the potato became an increasingly important source of farm income. Indeed, the specialised potato-growing industry of Lincolnshire was one of the first as well as one of the most successful of all the counter-attacks launched by the arable farmer on the forces of the depression which had occupied so much of his economic territory. For another, sugar-beet began to replace the turnip, the swede, and the mangold of the older order and most of this new crop was sold off the farm instead of being consumed on it. Now, the roots are great potash-eaters and the harvest of an acre of potatoes or sugar-beet removes from the soil approximately eight times as much potash as the harvest of an acre of wheat. By the 1920's, therefore, this country was using in fertilisers an estimated annual average of 43,000 tons of K_2O a year, by the 1930's an estimated annual average of 62,500 tons.

The effect of the war on the potassic economy of this country has been interestingly analysed by Mr. A. S. Barker, the agricultural economist. He estimated that in the later 1930's the soil of the United Kingdom lost annually some 67,000 tons of K_2O by the sale of produce off the farm. To replace this, 150,000 tons of K_2O came onto the farm, 80,000 tons in the manurial residues of purchased feedingstuffs for stock and 70,000 tons as fertiliser. So far, so good. But the war dealt harshly with this Free Trade pattern, and soon both the consumption and the supply of potash reflected very different policies and pressures. More production meant heavier demands on the soil and between 1940 and 1945 no less than 96,000 tons of K_2O passed the farm gate, outward bound, every year. On the other hand, the in-put of potash shrank to 120,000 tons, for though the tonnage of fertilisers used increased, imports of feedingstuffs fell heavily and with them, of course, the amount of plant-nutrients they left behind them on the dung-heap. Thus the average annual potash-profit in the national soil-account fell to 26,000 tons which was just under a third of the pre-war figure.

At first sight, even the lower figure appears satisfactory. The balance was smaller, but it was still on the right side. Unfortunately, these calculations take no account of two serious causes of wastage, the "leaching" of plant-food from the soil by the rain and the far more serious loss of nutrients during the soil-crop-animal-dungheap-soil cycle on the farm. The evidence on these points is necessarily something more than vague but Mr. Barker estimates that they were sufficient to turn profit into loss; we overdrew our K_2O account perceptibly in peace-time and heavily in war-time. And for painfully obvious reasons we cannot expect to make good this deficit by purchasing from overseas the huge quantities of animal feedingstuffs to which we owed so much of our pre-war potash. Instead, we must rely mainly on the more concentrated, more specialised, mineral supplies. Recent years, therefore, have seen a remarkable increase in the use of potassic fertilisers on British farms so that, although the triumphant curve of the graph has flagged recently, the average field today receives annually more than twice as much K_2O from this source as it did before the war. And there is no physical reason why this beneficial process should not continue, for at present the world supply of potash meets world-demand and there are enormous unworked reserves, sufficient for any foreseeable future, in Europe, in Russia, in the Near East and in America, including substantial deposits 4,000 feet below the broad acres of Yorkshire. Indeed, potash is one of the raw materials with which the Estate of Man is well provided and the efficiency of its future distribution will provide a useful measure of the moral stature of *Homo Sapiens* in the twentieth century.

NIGEL HARVEY

The Neighbours

"Our Sarah's gone. I've been calling her this last hour."

Tears blocked her voice. For the first time that long afternoon and evening she wept. She looked around and recognised them all. Everything was the same. The same street, the same dirty sky, the same group of gossiping women; but now one of them wept.

"Come inside and sit down," said Mrs. Senior. "You look fair worn out."

"She'll be all right, love," said Mrs. Mulvany.

"You read such terrible things," said Mrs. Emerson.

The child had left at two. A bossy little blonde, six years old. Gone to play. Down by the factory wall, or maybe at Doreen's, or perhaps at Needham's Fields. Now it was after ten, and the factory smoke was settling, smudging the sun's last glow, closing the day.

They had searched by the factory wall and visited Doreen's and hunted through Needham's Fields.

"Have you tried all the houses in the road?"

"Somebody might have taken her in."

"She might have been knocked down."

"Have you telephoned the hospital?"

Then, in the silence: "You read such terrible things in the papers."

"Click"—the street lamps in unison sprang to life, throwing the night like a black wave up against the house wall and across the sky, turning the familiar street into a string of disconnected yellow pools. The searchers came slowly home.

"I've been to every door, Milly. Nobody has seen her."

"We've looked everywhere."

"You'd think someone would know where she went."

"Everybody said how nice she looked."

"There is no one at Mrs. Cohen's," said one of the men.

"We knocked a long time, but no one came."

"They can't have been out all day." Sarah's mother in angry hope forgot the apron she had been ceaselessly twisting and turning in her fingers.

"They might have seen her," someone said.

"You never know."

"I've not seen them since two o'clock."

"They've not been seen since two."

"There is no one at Wards' either," shouted a boy who had helped in the search. But he had been pushed to the edge of the crowd.

"They must be in. They must be in," Sarah's mother broke through the crowd and ran the few yards down the street to the Cohens' door. "Where are those sons of hers. They must be in."

A reluctant snake, the crowd followed her. They might have seen the child. Everyone else was in. They were the only people not at home. It was wrong. They might have seen her. The mother was distraught and they were out.

The boy jumped up and down in exasperation, "Wards' house is empty too," he cried, "Wards' is empty too."

"Perhaps it is one of their fast days," said someone in the crowd.

"Or one of their feasts."

The crowd was silent at that.

"You never know with those people."

"You read such terrible things."

The crowd was silent while Sarah's mother pounded on the door. And she wept that they should open it and tell her where her daughter was.

"They ought to be in jail," someone shouted.

"Break the windows."

"They are inside there all the time," screamed Mrs. Mulvany.

"They are hiding," a man shouted.

"Hiding."

"She never goes out," a woman called.

Meek little Mrs. Cohen never went out. Except to the shops at the end of the street, or to have a friendly gossip with her neighbours.

"Knock down the door."

"Yes, push the bloody door down."

"They're hiding."

"Hiding."

And then Sarah, a bossy little six-year-old, squirming her way through the crowd, said "Mummy, is it a fire?" And her mother hugged her; then slapped her brutally. And as the crowd quietened, they could hear the boy shouting, "There is no one in Wards'. I knocked ever such a long time and I got no answer."

But no notice was taken, because Sarah was safe. Anyway, everybody knew the Wards were all right.

M. MARKS

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The Red Dean

CONTRARY to popular belief, Deans of Canterbury have not always been models of orthodoxy. It is interesting to record that when the present Bishop of Chichester was Dean, he was subject to constant criticism; for it was believed that he was both a pacifist and a Socialist. Dean Bell was followed by the late Dick Sheppard whose militant pacifism did not go down well in East Kent. It is against this background that Ramsay MacDonald's appointment in 1931 of Hewlett Johnson must be viewed. MacDonald, in those days, was still thought of as a dangerous revolutionary, and it was rather more because Hewlett Johnson was a friend of the Bolshevik Premier than because of his own still rather uncertain heresies that the Dean's arrival in Canterbury was thought objectionable. He seemed less subversive than Bell or Sheppard.

Hewlett Johnson had not, hitherto, been a notorious character. He had begun to earn his living, as he has always loved to tell people, apprenticed, with a tiny wage, as an engineer in his father's cotton mill in Manchester. He had behaved, so far as he could, as a worker himself, but that was not really possible for his father's son. He acquired a sense of guilt towards the working class and never lost his determination to play his part in improving their conditions. He seems always to have assumed the existence of a panacea for all social evil. Later at Manchester University he had acquired a degree in engineering, but had become afflicted with doubts about Christianity. These had been overcome, and he had gone on to take an undistinguished degree in theology at Oxford, where he was known for his fine physique, his oarsmanship, and his indefatigable and controversial conversation. For twenty years he served as a priest in a well-to-do Lancashire parish, attempting to satisfy his sincere and disinterested desire for social change by reading and writing on economic subjects, of which, it must be admitted, he never obtained any really thorough grasp. In the course of his search, he became known as a Socialist, and in 1924 had been elevated by Ramsay MacDonald, this time to be Dean of Manchester.

His further promotion to Canterbury seven years later gave him both power and security. He at once made his mark by his exuberant introduction of richer ritual and more gorgeous raiment in the Cathedral. At the same time, he publicised widely his belief in the Douglas Credit scheme, the panacea of the period. Like Major Douglas, who was also an engineer by training, he regarded Douglas Credit as a kind of economic engineering, and linked it with his early experiences as an apprentice, never forgetting to remind his audience of the unfair advantage he here personally received as a member of a middle-class Victorian family. For the most part, Canterbury was tolerant of this enthusiasm on the part of the new Dean. Monetary cranks were common enough in those days.

Major Douglas was not the only subject of Hewlett Johnson's admiration; he also held the first Henry Ford in very high esteem. He was fond of saying that Ford was the greatest benefactor mankind had ever known, for he had universalised the use of the internal combustion engine and in so doing he had restricted the use of the horse which, in its turn, meant there was an ever diminishing number of manure heaps which were the main breeding grounds of flies. He went on to argue that the decline in flies had a marked influence on health, and in particular that it had lowered the incidence of infant

mortality. Later he was to make the same point truly and effectively about Communist China. It applies also to capitalist Japan, but this may seem to him a less good illustration.

In the early '30s his public interests were Adult Education, Douglas Credit and World Politics: he showed no interest in Communism and, although he was a supporter of the Labour Party and gave financial help to many Labour Parties during the 1931 Election, his main interest came from the belief that the economics of Major Douglas would do the trick. Always the burden of his talk with those who worked with him, especially in the field of adult education, was: "It does not matter whether you call yourself a Christian or not. It does not matter whether you pray, and it does not matter whether you go to church. In my judgment the work you are doing is Christ's work and, therefore, whatever you call yourself, you are a Christian." This attitude is part of Hewlett Johnson's being. He really does look at people and organisations in this way.

He has genuinely convinced himself that the Soviet Union is exalting the humble and meek, is caring for the very old, the very young and the sick, and it is doing so with a strength of purpose that strives, despite many errors, to produce a kinder society in which concern for one's neighbours really matters. To the extent that he accepts such a simple view, it can be readily understood that his grasp of academic theology is not very great. This can be explained by his upbringing. The church, as his life's work, only became a possibility for him after his work as an engineering apprentice. He felt the horror of working-class existence in Victorian times before he found his vocation in the Church.

The key to the understanding of this "strange cleric" is that he sees life in terms of simple engineering blue prints. He is often accused of self-dramatisation and publicity seeking. For example, there was a disastrous fire in Canterbury in an area in which the Church owned a great deal of old slummy property. The old mill caught fire and in turn many houses were set alight, which rendered many families homeless. As soon as the Dean got to the scene he gave authority for the homeless families to be installed in empty property in the Cathedral Precincts. This action gave great offence to some middle-class occupants of Cathedral property. The Dean was charged with vandalism, Communism and everything else that could be used as a term of abuse. In truth his action in finding homes for those dispossessed working-class families in empty middle-class houses was a turning point in the Precinct's treatment of him. It never seems to have occurred to his critics that his action was plain practical Christianity.

His grip as a preacher and speaker is derived from the fact that, as he talks to his listeners, he is building up a word picture which is as real to him as a fairy tale can become to a child. Having sketched the same picture often enough, he reaches the point where the magic of his words and the poetry of his meaning convinces him completely of the truth of what he is saying. His word pictures become real to him.

The Dean's interest in Communism came about in an interesting way. If one turns to his *Socialist Sixth of the World*, which, he tells one, has sold more copies in all languages than any book that was ever printed, except the Bible, you will find that he acknowledges the debt he owes to Mr. A. T. D'Eye. Mr. D'Eye was, and indeed, still is, an Oxford Extra Mural Tutor; he was a Post Office worker who went up to Balliol and got an Honours Degree in Modern Greats. It was at a W.E.A. Rally that Hewlett Johnson met D'Eye. D'Eye at this time was a convinced Marxist, albeit a rather romantic one, and his enthusiasms made an impact on Johnson with the result that D'Eye began to stay at the Deanery when he was in Canterbury. Later, these visits became more frequent and a close friendship grew between the two men.

From 1932 onwards the Dean began his visits to the Soviet Union. By 1937 and 1938 he had been almost completely taken over by the Communist Party and its friends, but it seems unlikely that he realised it. With surprising ease he shed his faith in Douglas Credit and substituted an equally simple form of Marxism. This was an entirely unconscious process. He had come to understand something of what was afoot in the Soviet Union. Needless to say, what was happening there was presented to him in the most agreeable form. He was given the opportunity of preaching to large congregations. He was impressed by the apparent freedom of religion. He was presented with a gold cross which was so massive that it might well have been wrought by a blacksmith. He had reached the point where he was convinced that the Kingdom of God had come to earth in the Soviet Union.

Hewlett Johnson has special gifts as an orator. He is something of the poet. He is, above all, an instinctive actor. He has no analytic training to save him from his natural credulity. He has been immensely useful to the Communists because, once his imagination is alight, he becomes impervious to facts; his vanity reinforces his convictions. Indeed, throughout the Communist world he is the one universally known Englishman. He is the proof that Marxists are right in saying that Western bourgeoisie does consist of reptiles and baboons—with a few rare exceptions. It is an astonishing sight to see the Dean, in his clerical uniform, with his ripe, rosy cheeks, and white flowing locks, standing before a vast Communist audience with uplifted hand, explaining in his exquisitely modulated voice that Communism and Christianity are the same thing, and that the word of God is given flesh in Moscow rather than in Canterbury. Though he freely admits that there have been errors and excesses in Russia, it is doubtful whether he is now capable of distinguishing between the genuine achievements of the Communist world and the evils which would certainly distress him if he could ever believe in them. His search for perfection has succeeded; the social panacea has been found. Privately he admits that his inamorata is not without blemish; but he cannot really believe it. Past excesses, such as the liquidation of the Kulaks, did, he agrees, happen, but they were infantile errors, long outlived.

Any doubts upon the truth of the picture he draws must come from ignorance or malice. To doubt the truth as he has seen it, is to attack truth. No hypocrite, he has seen a mystic vision, just as Paul saw the Light of the World at Damascus, or any medieval saint saw the emissary of God in his monkish cell. Indeed, he has the sincerity and naive convictions of a saint, and to his friends, and to those who desire to understand and seek peace with the Soviet Union, he is just as exasperating as mystics always have been to those who have to find the complicated and chequered truth by more prosaic methods.

NEXT WEEK

Sir William Haley

With Caricature by VICKY

The Arts and Entertainment

BRITTEN AND HARDY

Composers feel superfluous in the presence of richly wrought poetry, which is already music itself, like that of Keats or Tennyson; they prefer a bare imaginative scaffolding, such as is provided by Housman's restraint or by Whitman's rough eloquence. Thomas Hardy might seem to provide just such a framework for music, but only Gerald Finzi and John Ireland have set him in any quantity. The reason, no doubt, is that Hardy's simplicity is coupled with so much that is quaint and comical and crude: his verses are an old curiosity shop, in whose dusty recesses pieces of fine local ware lie side by side with commercial gimcrack. To subject such lines to the test of musical declamation is to risk providing singer and listener with moments of embarrassment.

Benjamin Britten has lately completed a cycle of eight Hardy songs called *Winter Words*. These were first given last autumn at the Leeds Festival by Peter Pears and the composer, who included them in their recital in the Victoria and Albert Museum last Sunday. In these songs—at any rate with these performers—there was no question of embarrassment; on the contrary, four or five of them aroused the keenest delight. Once again, as before with such different poets as Donne, Rimbaud and Michelangelo, the composer has identified himself wholly with a poet's personality and vision. Everything in Hardy's world, as revealed in his poetry, is small and distinct and sad and provincial; yet, however trivial, momentous too. Almost always, in these songs, the poet's vision has presented the composer with some physical detail, some curious gesture, which he translates into a unifying musical motif; and in the manipulation of the motif he reveals the poet's deeper theme. (This has been, after all, ever since *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, a classical method of song construction.)

In "Wagtail and Baby" the idea of the "dip and sip and prinking" of the "birdie" (typical Hardy word!) gives rise to a delightful and brilliantly varied flight of triplets in the pianist's right hand. From the creak of "The Little Old Table," a poem which is hardly more than a keepsake fancy, the composer has distilled a most curious and subtle musical design. In the odd story of the little boy playing his violin in a railway station to a man in handcuffs, most of the song is ingeniously contrived out of the "open string" sounds of the fiddle (an effect which also suggests that the station must have been a cold and windy place); into this bare, pathetic sound the prisoner suddenly bursts "with grimful glee" in the ringing, ironic certainty of C major: a very Hardyesque moment. Tonality is elsewhere used with much imagination; as when, in "The Choirmaster's Burial," the harmonium-like C minor of beginning and end encloses an amusingly practical A major central section for the commonsense vicar. In "Before Life and After" Hardy's rather trite reflections on the joy of life "before the birth of consciousness" have inspired a calm two-part melody, divided between piano octaves and voice, which concludes the cycle on a note of brooding compassion.

In admiration for Purcell, and in reaction from the Hugo Wolf principle of one note to one syllable, Britten has always delighted in long melismata on a single syllable; and there are several instances of this practice in the new cycle. In slow tempo the effect can be dreamily beautiful, but in faster songs the mere notes are so difficult to sing without the intrusion of aspirates that the result is more often clumsy than convincing. These florid passages stick out of the texture of the song as a whole; though most of them were written with Peter Pears in mind, he cannot make them sound truly natural. In all other respects he gave a flawless performance of *Winter*

Words, preceding it by some seventeenth-century English songs and by that setting of Francis Quarles, called *Canticle I*, the last two stanzas of which rank among the finest things Britten has yet done. Seldom has modern music expressed so deep a sense of wholeness and repose.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS

M. ANOUILH has in this country suffered rather badly from our methods of theatrical presentation. Three years ago he was the managers' darling, and they seemed to be falling over one another to secure the rights of his plays. This was no doubt because they recognised in him a most brilliant theatrical talent, but wasn't it also because the undoubted flair by which they recognise a play is as much a feeling for prevailing fashion as for actual merit? The ablest minds in the business, of which Mr. Harold Hobson wrote this week, have an instict for what will "go," which is closely akin to the dress designer's instinct for what will "wear," and their success lasts as long as their touch remains sure. Perhaps it is the feeling that this touch is ephemeral that makes even the best of them inclined to overplay a good hand, to over-use a modish producer or designer, or to try always to duplicate and even triplicate a success.

When M. Anouilh caught their eye, we were promptly given some six of his plays within two years; but he is not the kind of writer to keep within the bounds that a prevailing fashion sets, and when the attempts to tailor him into being that were unsuccessful, he was quietly dropped in favour of the safer André Roussin. It is left to the art repertories and amateurs to pick up where the managements left off. Perhaps, anyhow, it is with them rather than with the commercial managers that Anouilh really belongs, except in the rare case. *Ardèle*, for instance, has altogether too acrid a flavour to make its appeal with the average English audience, for all its immense wit and theatrical invention. In its successor, *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, we find the same flavour, even more acrid, but rather less inventively expressed. *Ardèle*, it will be remembered, explored the gradations of love and of lust in the country house of a General in the nineteen hundreds. The General, a lecher tied to an invalid wife, was only one of the many threads that made up a full play. The character evidently fascinated the author, for he appears again as the central figure, indeed as the only figure who counts, in *The Waltz of the Toreadors*.

The play opens with the same shrill cry of the peacocks only just distinguishable from the shrill cry of the invalid in the next room. The General's bedridden wife is present in her sick imagination at every pinching of a chambermaid and every fumbling over nude photographs that the General indulges in. But these lubricities are not his only consolation. Seventeen years ago at a military ball he fell in love, and he and the girl, to the hackneyed waltz from *Carmen*, vowed themselves to each other as soon as he should free himself. The years passed; he was too afraid of hurting other people to throw off his sick wife: meanwhile the girl waited, and her pure devotion became for him a romantic compensation. Now at last she turns up to demand some action from him, and while he still hesitates she falls, instead, for his young and handsome secretary. The plot spins on a savage kind of farce, but it is not an ingenious invention like that of *Ardèle*. It is, truth to tell, somewhat routine and, all too undiluted, the General becomes by the end frankly a bit of a bore. Needless to say, before he reaches that point, there have been many brilliancies. His speech of worldly advice to the young man is a superb *tour de force*. French dramatists are lucky in that their tradition allows for, and indeed encourages, the long *tirade*; Anouilh has always been able to make a wonderful use of this freedom. *The Waltz of the Toreadors* was given last week by the enterprise of the City Literary Institute. It is not an easy play for amateurs, and it was largely the skill of the producer, Mr. Robin Rooke, which kept it going. Mr. Albert Rourke made a good shot at the General and was particularly successful at the solo turns, while Miss Anita Giorgi gave a distinguished professional touch to the revenante.

T. C. WORSLEY

BALLET

THE second programme in the opening week of the Marquis de Cuevas's Ballet at the Stoll is a great improvement on the first. Even the less good ballets attain a proper standard of proficiency as entertainment. Balanchine's *Night Shadow* comes into this category, although the choreography is, saving one *pas de deux*, wonderfully dull. This dullness comes partly from taking a collection of now stock figures and situations, which have become almost traditional in contemporary romantic ballets. There are for basis the ballroom dancers (pseudo nineteenth century, in exquisitely cut costumes by Karinska), there is the frustrated poet in love with someone else's soulful wife or fiancée, and in the background are those deadly old ruins that veer from Doric pillars to the Victorian Gothic. In the case of Balanchine's ballet these romantic props serve as equipment for a sort of academic exercise on the theme, and it is not until the soulful girl appears in her nightgown, sleep-walking, that there is suddenly an individual kind of inspiration. Marjorie Tallchief moves through this dance with her delicate, sweeping grace. She is an artist who holds the stage not by any startling quality, but by the generosity of her actions and the beautiful composure of her face which, combined, make an outstanding effect.

Annabel Lee, composed by George Skibine, is another superficially ham ballet, with Poe's sentimental poem sung as accompaniment. But Mr. Skibine has given Miss Tallchief, and himself as the other "child," such a flow of movement that, taken purely as a piece of lyrical dancing, it is a pleasure to see. Only the black-faced ghosts, who may have been either the high-born kinsmen or the envious angels, were a serious impediment to the beauty of the scene.

The standard of male performance in this company is high, far higher, excepting Miss Tallchief, than that of the female dancers. The lively determination of the men's style is shown to advantage in *Piège de Lumière*, a curious, massive ballet about runaway convicts in the tropical forest, who exist by catching butterflies and selling them in the native markets. The first scene is all male, danced beneath the weight of the high, oppressive jungle. Here John Taras's choreography lags a little, the convicts seeming to be too realistically at a loose end, although the quality of each individual performance holds our attention. But so soon as the butterflies appear in the second scene the atmosphere grows taut. The fanatical impulse of their flight towards the light, which has been set up to trap them, is terrifying. The convoluted choreography drives the dancers hard and Rosella Hightower is technically magnificent as the Queen of the Morphides. There is an intensity to her taut flashes of movement that makes their ugliness most remarkable. John Taras has conceived this ballet on a grand scale, and the production, including the music by Jean-Michel Damase with the décor, is bold and convincing.

The third programme, consisting of *Idylle*, *The Grey Angel* and *La Sylphide*, is also good. *Idylle* I could only interpret as an idyll about chickens, there being no official explanation. Two cocks fight over a hen, but the hen, having deplumed the more ostentatious aspirant, returns to her original boy friend. This is a slick but jerky piece of work, not in George Skibine's best style. On the other hand, *The Grey Angel* is the finest ballet Mr. Skibine has yet produced. Romantic, with no false sentiment, delicious music by Debussy and delicious décor by Sebire, Mr. Skibine expressed a poetic mood in a series of his most lovely dances. He is a choreographer who is able to develop one complicated movement out of another, so that it seems entirely natural and yet gives a pleasant sense of surprise. The cast of this ballet is perfect, including Mr. Skibine, Miss Tallchief, Kathleen Gorham and Serge Golovine.

La Sylphide is a Victorian classic that becomes boring if not superbly played, as it was by the Royal Danish company. In spite of Harold Lander's production, the de Cuevas company never quite achieved that harmonious enchantment which a second-class classic must attain if it is to come to life again.

ANNABEL FARJEON

THE MOVIES

"Queen Kelly," at the National Film Theatre
"The Battleship Potemkin," at the Continentale
"Arena," at the Rialto

The second instalment of Stroheim brings us his last silent film, left unfinished as the talkies swept by. It is at the height of his baroque fancy, with a mad queen brooding over her palace of Night. From her bed, which outVenuses any carnival car, she gazes out balefully at nothing, or at the photograph, on a distant side-table, of her proposed consort; she takes baths in a cupid-studded shell, drinking champagne; half-naked in ostrich feathers and clutching a white cat she will trail through halls and corridors, where guards spring to attention, on to a balcony in the dawn. Below, revellers are returning, officers and women—the consort.

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Time, she is thinking, to get married . . . That is how things start in this gorgeous corruption of Ruritania; how, only, no doubt, they could start.

Very quickly one does feel, I won't say at home, but in touch with these strange surroundings. The palace is fantastic but real, the life-guards are horribly human, food glitters, pranks are played, and a merry life of a kind goes on under the hush of a strange regime. We are, in fact, fascinated, and if to current taste (purified by gangster ideals) the preoccupations seem morbid, Stroheim shows his mastery of the situation by introducing an innocent love affair that is genuinely moving. The poor consort, suddenly threatened with marriage to his spider-mistress the following day, has the luck to fall in with a little convent girl, rides out at night with a companion, stages a fire at the convent, seizes the girl, and for a few hours enjoys his idyll under the same roof as the prowling queen, who of course discovers them, whips her out, and locks him in. The girl tries to commit suicide, and there abruptly the film ends.

If it had gone on we should then, apparently, have enjoyed a dinner interval (one of Stroheim's recurrent dreams for the cinema), to return to the complications of marriage which would eventually have taken us to Africa—and not Africa, one imagines, at its most benign. However, it was not to be. The long fragment that remains to us seems complete but for an ending: Gloria Swanson, who plays wonderfully the little convent girl, also put up the money for the film and tacked on her own ending, which piety has since removed. This is a film no Stroheim fan, old or new, should miss, and it's a pity that among his films yet to come *The Merry Widow* should have no place, since a comparison of the two might be revealing.

Unfortunately, after seeing *Queen Kelly*, I was seized with a peculiarly virulent 'flu, which has clamped down on my filmgoing since. I have not yet been able to enjoy the revival of *The Battleship Potemkin;* but according to my memory of a few years back, it retains its striking power, not too badly shaken by the hurry-scurry of those days accentuated by quick cutting. I did see M.G.M.'s *Arena*, a 3-D drama of a day at the Rodeo, which would have succeeded better if it had been flat documentary. As it is, we watch cowboys on bronchos with and without saddles, throwing steers, riding bulls. The moment preceding these activities has its charm, with the rider letting himself down into the pen on the invisible animal, as into a very hot bath.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE evening Sir George Barnes announced that from the end of March the Television Service would probably be increased by the addition of Sunday afternoon programmes, it happened I was reading an article by the *New Yorker's* accomplished television reviewer Mr. Philip Hamburger. Mr. Hamburger recounted how, waking at seven-thirty in the morning, he switched on his television set to look at Mr. Dan Garroway, who conducts a programme called *Today* on N.B.C. from 7 o'clock to 9 each morning. What struck me, reading Mr. Hamburger's piece, was not so much the contrast between B.B.C. television's meagre allocation of time and the almost round-the-clock services in America as that, even at eight o'clock in the morning, the American television companies were doing something one looks for almost in vain, except in certain restricted fields, from the B.B.C. But let me quote from Mr. Hamburger's article:

> The newscaster fell to wondering how the New York dock workers' election was coming along. He picked up a phone and got in touch with an N.B.C. news-hawk who was covering the waterfront. I could hear the man's voice plainly. He said that he was in Brooklyn, and that he and some other newsmen had been roughly handled. He said he would stick with the balloting, and report any untoward incident. While he spoke, some splendid newsreels of the previous day's balloting were flashed onto the screen. At eight-six, Garroway returned, smiling, to announce that it was eight-six.

Corny stuff to Mr. Hamburger no doubt, but at least it serves to remind us that a main function of TV is journalism in the elementary and fundamental sense of providing us with the news as nearly as possible at the moment it is being made. This the B.B.C. achieves wonderfully well on occasion, when there is a coronation, for instance, or when sporting events are being televised. But how adequately does B.B.C. television cover current news?

Here, an analysis of the week's television newsreels is instructive. All told, last week's newsreels ran for an hour-and-a-quarter. This, for the most part, is what they showed: floods in Scotland; the Royal tour of New Zealand (not, I thought, overdone—about five minutes in all); the avalanche-disaster in Austria (quite superbly filmed); two air-crashes; the E.T.U. strike; Mr. Head in Kenya; the inauguration of President Coty; Lord and Lady Mountbatten receiving the freedom of Edinburgh; Mr. Neville Duke receiving an award from the Danes; the first film of the explosion of the atomic weapon at Woomara; Mr. Eden leaving for Berlin; the Monte Carlo Rally; an exhibition of the new Belgian rifle; and various sporting events.

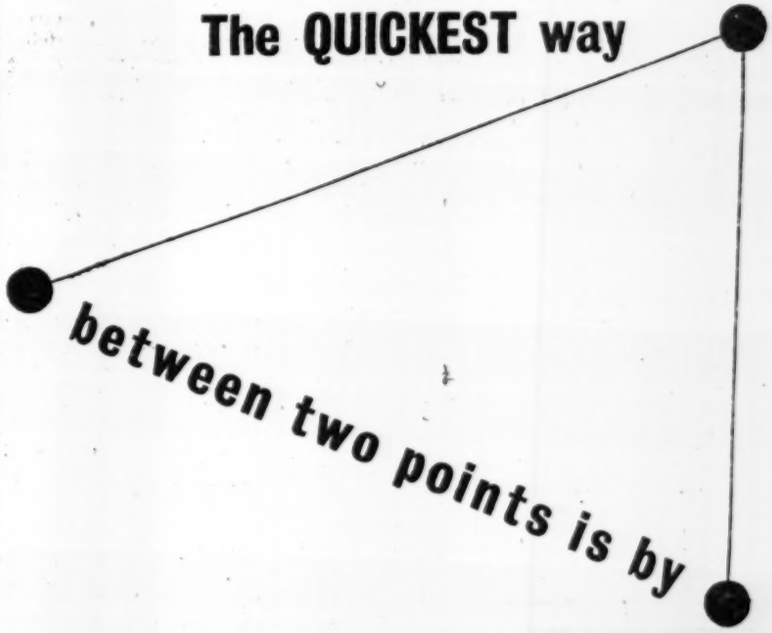
Of these, the item most closely touching viewers at home was surely the electricians' strike. It received about four minutes' treatment and couldn't have been handled more conventionally or less imaginatively: for the most part shots of strikers queueing up to get into mass meetings—shots, too, in which a man selling the *Daily Worker* was prominent. There was no use of the microphone, no interviews with strikers. It was all, one was made to feel, curiously *sub judice*. It was a subject about which passions were aroused: hence, one can only assume, the glancing treatment it received.

This impression was strongly reinforced by other programmes during the week. If *Press Conference* had been put on during Christmas week, it would have been splendid: Mr. William Clark, Mr. Collin Brooks and Mr. Harold Hutchinson cross-questioned Mr. James Campbell of the N.U.R. The subject was strikes. Punches were not pulled, and indeed it was hardly likely they would be, with Mr. Brooks there to swing his Right hooks. But the strike nobody mentioned was the electricians' strike, and that was the strike which was news.

One was being fobbed off, not with something false, for the discussion was a serious one, but with something not quite good enough because not bold enough. Similarly with *In the News*, in which Mr. Richard Law, Viscount Hailsham, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Hector McNeill gave one the pleasing illusion that they were all rehearsing being Elder Statesmen together. Again, an interesting and thoughtful programme, with a fair measure of agreement between the speakers, and all the better because the participants did not toe their respective party-lines and shout "You're another!" at one another. The discussion on Germany was excellent. But the section on strikes became an academic discussion on the workings of democracy. The electricians were never there at all.

What one wanted all the week, of course, was the ordinary striker himself on the screen, telling us why he was striking and what he thought it was all about. He—and what he stands for—is the missing man in the B.B.C. television news service. Reading Mr. Hamburger, I can't help feeling that his American equivalent is much more likely to turn up in Mr. Garroway's *Today* on N.B.C. than he is on the B.B.C.

WILLIAM SALTER



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Correspondence

"SHORT AND SHARP"

SIR,—I am very glad that Norman MacKenzie has raised the whole issue of Detention Centres and their part in the penal system. He describes what the one Centre at present in working order is like. The sentence to a Detention Centre is meant to be an alternative to prison, and Kidlington can be fairly said to resemble prison, at least as it is popularly supposed to be, not as it actually is. There is no doubt that at Kidlington the discipline is harder, the work more strenuous, the working day longer and the atmosphere tougher and more repressive and unpleasant than in prison, and it is meant to be so. The idea behind it is that the boy who has served his time there will be so shocked by the experience that he will take care never to risk a similar experience again.

Before any more of these "juvenile glass-houses" are opened we ought to learn as exactly as we can what their effect has been. After-care is not an essential part of the sentence, so presumably only those cases can be followed up which come into the hands of the law again, and this may take a long time. Or it may not. For I know of one boy who began to commit a further series of offences within two weeks of his discharge from Kidlington (although I believe the record is held by a boy who began within four hours).

Why was this boy sent to Kidlington? Not because he was too depraved or unsuitable for an approved school, but because he wanted to go there and said so! He had been separated very early from his mother, would not settle down in what other people felt was a good foster home, and so it was thought that three months in a Detention Centre would teach him to appreciate such home as he had. This illustrates Mr. MacKenzie's point that the Centre is being used for a queer assortment of cases. Many Magistrates no doubt feel that since they cannot sentence to corporal punishment, Kidlington is the most unpleasant thing in their power to prescribe. It may possibly be shown in time that there is a place for such a purely punitive form of treatment, but this is unlikely, since it has been tried and has failed so often in the past. It is too easy, too cheap.

Surely in the second half of the twentieth century we should be able to offer some more constructive remedies for pathological behaviour?

Bickley, Kent. ERICA LEYS

SIR,—Mr. Norman MacKenzie's article on Campsfield House Detention Centre requires correction. The ages of the boys are not "between fourteen and twenty-one," but between fourteen and seventeen—the age-range of young persons in the Juvenile Court. The second Centre, "to be opened at Goudhurst," is intended for youths between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, who come under the jurisdiction of the adult courts.

Mr. MacKenzie asks whether boys are sent to the Detention Centre "on any coherent system at all." Reference to the Criminal Justice Act of 1948 should resolve his doubts. The Act, which abolished the birch, empowers magistrates to send to a Detention Centre boys and young persons whose offences would warrant the Court in sending an adult to prison (it must not be for longer than the prescribed period of imprisonment), but they are not to order a boy to be so detained "*unless the Court has considered every other method (except imprisonment) by which the Court might deal with him, and is of the opinion that none of those methods is appropriate.*"

Mr. MacKenzie states that "Campsfield House is avowedly based on the theory that fear is therapeutic." This is totally untrue. No such basis is avowed in the Act, or in the Statutory Instrument setting out the Detention Centre Rules, or by the Prison Commissioners; nor has evidence of a basis of fear been observed by the members of the Visiting Committee, who are watching the experiment closely, and have taken care that one or other of them weekly, and all of them monthly, shall visit the Centre, speak with all the boys, and interview those who are due to leave. Does Mr. MacKenzie perhaps confuse discipline with fear? When Mr. MacKenzie questions whether "the remedy for toughness is more toughness," he confuses the issue by his slack use of a cant word. The question is whether or not wanton behaviour which leads to law-breaking can be corrected by a period of enforced obedience and hard physical work and exercise. We all agree that this is an experiment, the success of which has yet to be proved. There have been disappointing cases of recidivism, but we have had encouraging reports from Probation Officers and parents on boys who have returned home.

Mr. MacKenzie is not quite accurate when he states that "there is no provision at all for after-care." The Act unfortunately does not prescribe it, but after-care is offered to boys who will not be on probation when they leave the Centre, and some agree to accept it voluntarily.

I am sorry that Mr. MacKenzie thinks fit to sneer at the Warden, whose official position denies him any riposte. I have told the Warden that some men's sneers bring credit to their victims.

Visiting Committee, BASIL BLACKWELL
Campsfield House. *Chairman*

SIR,—I should like to express my appreciation of Mr. Norman MacKenzie's moderate and informative article on the Kidlington Detention Centre. I visited the Centre some time ago and it has been on my conscience ever since.

Many of us were alarmed by the terms of the Criminal Justice Act and wondered whether Centres set up to give boys a "short, sharp shock" could possibly be in harmony with modern understanding of the causes of delinquency or with the standards this nation has reached in its treatment of young offenders. Since seeing the first Centre I have felt sure that if the public knew the facts they would protest. I wonder whether even Members of Parliament realise that boys of school age are being drilled and worked like soldiers in basic training on a prison diet and that these young boys are subjected to what amounts to solitary confinement as a punishment.

I wish those who are impressed by this Centre would read *Detention in Remand Homes* (A Report of the Cambridge Department of Criminal Science on the use of Section 54 of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933. Published by Macmillan), for the light it sheds on the conditions which produced delinquency. We might then try to bring home to the Authorities that what these boy victims of bad environments need is civilised and humane treatment, not iron discipline and a form of punishment considered dangerous even to grown men.

WOMAN MAGISTRATE

SIR,—Mr. Norman MacKenzie's article on Campsfield House was both interesting and thought-provoking. He is right in his emphasis upon the need for after-care, though not completely accurate in thinking that no provision at all is made for it. In fact, Probation Officers are required to undertake the supervision of youths from Detention Centres, but only if the individual concerned is willing to be supervised. The maximum period of supervision is six months. Mr. MacKenzie mentions that some magistrates get round the absence of compulsory after-care by making a probation order on the second offence, where two offences are dealt with. This may be expedient, but, of course, it is quite contrary to the spirit of the 1948 Criminal Justice Act, which specifically required the Court before making a Detention Centre Order to consider every other method of dealing with the case. If magistrates think probation appropriate, then, in justice, they should not also commit the offender to a Detention Centre. What is surely required is provision for a period of obligatory after-care in all cases, and the period should be a good deal longer than six months.

Mr. MacKenzie makes an important point with regard to selection for Detention Centre treatment; it certainly demands great care. Detention Centres are clearly not suitable for youths in need of long-term training, nor for those whose chief need is removal from bad home surroundings. They are hardly places to send youngsters whose delinquency arises from insecurity and maladjustment. They may well, however, be suitable for a small minority of delinquents who are spoilt and arrogant but not deeply maladjusted. It is these and only these who are likely to benefit.

This being so, it is vitally important that Detention Centres should not become a major element in our provision for young offenders. Society in its own interests must curb its desire for retribution. Fortunately, our Juvenile Courts advised by probation officers, are unlikely to rush to fill the Detention Centres; and so long as these centres are maintained as minor auxiliaries of the main reformative treatments of Probation, Approved School and Borstal, little harm and perhaps some good may result.

PROBATION OFFICER

MR. ALBU'S FABIANISM

SIR,—Consideration for your space prevents me from entering into all the ramifications of Mr. Albu's explanation of his Chairman's letter. I asked him to produce evidence for his statement that there is general agreement that equality of income has been pushed nearly as far as is compatible with incentive. Instead of attempting to do so he has expressed the same opinion in different words. This issue is far too important to be dealt with in this unscientific manner. Mr. Albu is, I believe, an engineer, and I am quite sure he would not deal with a big engineering problem on the basis of a statement that "there is no general agreement" that such and such is fact. He would want proof.

And Mr. Albu has made no attempt to deal with the problem of how equality of status can be achieved without equality of opportunity and with extreme inequality of incomes—(I think Mr. Albu knows that by inequality of incomes I don't mean wage differentials for skill)—except to say that "mere" equality of opportunity is a conception with which no intelligent Tory would quarrel. That may be so but it does not prevent a Tory, intelligent or otherwise, from opposing every legislative proposal

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designed to increase equality of opportunity. For example Labour's policy of Comprehensive Schools is bitterly opposed by Tories.

Then Mr. Albu says of Labour's ideals that he agrees with them but "wants their implications examined by social scientists so that our legislation may be realistic in terms of human relationships and not Utopian." They would need to be prophets, not scientists. And if a body of trained men were found who were willing to examine the implications of a social structure which we have not yet achieved, and if they reported on it unfavourably, should the Labour Party then change its policy?

When Mr. Albu asks whether the Labour Party would have been successful in a democracy which had no respect for the political ideas of educated men, it is time to remind him that the Labour Party and the Trade Union movement owe their existence mainly to the political ideas, and ideals, of men who had no formal education. On the other hand, this country has suffered from a number of bad Governments in my lifetime, but not because their Ministers lacked education. In point of historical fact, most of the notable opponents of progress and defenders of privilege are very well educated. It would indeed be dangerous if members of the Labour Party came to value the political ideas of educated men in accordance with the extent of their formal education—and not in accordance with the value of their ideas.

Education is not, in itself, a guarantee of political idealism, or even of political competence. May I direct Mr. Albu's attention to the Government Front Bench?

DOROTHY ARCHIBALD

RADIO POLITICS

SIR,—The decline of "Any Questions" has been very rapid in recent weeks. Not only is the bias now overwhelmingly Conservative, but, despite the B.B.C. ban on Fascists and Communists, there have been at least three speakers in recent weeks expressing what one can only describe as a Fascist viewpoint.

In the most recent programme a so-called Independent delivered a long eulogy on General Franco. In the same programme the chairman rushed to the aid of a Right-wing speaker who was getting the worst of an argument about the Cost of Living.

Despite the never-ending sniping at trade unions that takes up so much of the programme time, we so very, very seldom hear a trade unionist speaker. I have never known the ratio of speakers three to one in favour of Labour, but nearly every week it is three Tories to one Labour spokesman. How about reversing the odds some time?

I wonder, too, what has happened to the programme "Argument" that disappeared from the air—never to return—shortly after the present Government came into office?

ANTONY VERNEY

[We have received many similar complaints.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DEFENCE OF WOMEN

SIR,—Surely the reason why women undergraduates get a smaller proportion of low degrees than men is much simpler than that suggested by Miss Watts. Girls sent to universities are, on the whole, picked for their success in school work, while average and below-average boys often go to a university as a matter of routine. The female equivalents of the stupider men are seldom to be found taking triposes. There is no reason, on this ground, to infer more inequality of intelligence in men than in women. There are certainly much fewer women than men in all the top grades of intellect and general efficiency, but many more who are quite wildly stupid. As to mental defectives, there are said to be as many female as male, but they are less noticeable (a) because the female norm is lower (b) because backward girls less often take jobs which reveal their deficiency. The "golden meanness" of women is probably, like most theories about this sex, a myth.

Crime is another matter; males are naturally more aggressive, and (except in shops, which offer an incomparable field for the enterprise of female thieves) more dishonest—if one is to judge from police records. But this has nothing to do with intelligence, with which there can be no doubt that men are normally much better endowed. If anyone does doubt this, let them ask the first ten men and women they meet for aid in some practical difficulty, such as car trouble, tap trouble, the right road to take, the right horse to back, how to mend a shoe or clean a flue: the superior common sense and efficiency of the average male will be at once apparent.

London, W.1. ROSE MACAULAY

MISS ROSAMUND LEHMANN

SIR,—In his interesting article on Mr. Somerset Maugham last week, John Raymond mentions me as one of two "popular writers" accorded "deep respect" in Paris and "not without honour save among his own country's reviewers." Might I be permitted to say that, while taking Mr. Raymond's reference in a friendly spirit, and agreeably conscious of my good fortune among French critics and French readers, it has never occurred to me to consider myself a neglected, or unfairly, under-estimated, author among critics of the English-speaking world. Quite the contrary, in fact. Having devoted little thought to the amount of honour and respect that might be due to me, and seeing no reason to expect preferential or deferential treatment, I have found almost no cause to complain of what has come my way in the hurly-burly, the rough and tumble of contemporary reviewing. Surprise has been my commonest reaction, surprise unqualified; surprise plus a warm glow, frequently, of grateful pleasure; less often with a passing stab of disappointment, a flash of mortification, a temporary feeling of low spirits. Once only, in twenty-five years, surprise plus indignation, which last I should be particularly pleased to have the opportunity of recording in your columns.

But even that, in retrospect, seems waste of energy. Parents must face facts when, trailing ambiguous clouds, their little ones leave the home nest for the harsh world of school. What they conceived, bore, nourished tenderly, they have now cast out: the blame, the shame is theirs; too late as the train steams out to wish the whole affair undone. "The school seemed progressive . . . civilised atmosphere . . . no bullying nowadays . . . It will be seen, of course, the child isn't quite like the others . . . more sensitive, more promising . . . from rather a special home . . . ? . . . Come, come, steady now, there's old So and So, he knows, . . . and that nice sympathetic woman, she's been through it, mustn't look down in the mouth . . . Supposing homesick, maladjusted, some fixation . . . ? However, psychiatrist on top . . . The truly co-operative parent keeps away . . . Supposing nasty suggestion in the dormitory . . . ? Still, boys will be boys . . . be even from one of the staff? . . . one hears such . . . But complaint might recoil . . . unhealthy home influence perhaps . . . ?"

The truly co-operative parent will compose his countenance and turn his back.

London, S.W.1. ROSAMUND LEHMANN

"QUEEN EDITH"

SIR,—One merit of a catcall, from gallery or gutter, is usually that it is brief: your anonymous study of Dr. Edith Sitwell has the verbosity (and the critical standards) of the cockney huckster, but without his flashes of wit or charm. Never, surely, has a "profile" been less objective, conveyed fewer facts in more words, or disclosed so vulgar a grudge or sense of inferiority in its writer.

This is, indeed, the only point that seems to emerge clearly from the haze of laboured verbiage. Internal evidence suggests that the writer of this unworthy piece—unworthy both of your pages, sir, and of the great poet whom it seeks with faint and sneering praise to denigrate—has at some time been snubbed by Dr. Sitwell; if this is so, the snub was deserved, for of all bores the priggish literary bore is the worst.

An alternative explanation is that, so far from snubbing him, Dr. Sitwell may once have been so rash as to do him a kindness—an offence which persons of his quality often find it hard to forgive.

House of Commons. TOM DRIBERG

SIR,—In an age somewhat surfeited by literary royalty how refreshing it is to read your, alas anonymous but never plebeian, discourse upon a reigning *toque* whose splendour as the finest female poet since Sappho is in no way diminished by your lively exposure of literary pretentiousness.

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HUTCHINSON

Books in General

*Apparitions** is a title that once would have raised gooseflesh. If it no longer does, if the tingle brings a grin, that is our special uneasiness. We are casually hag-ridden. "I was telling old Jones the other day," begins Robinson; then pulls himself up short, remembering Jones died the other year. The eeriest writer of our time — Thurber — far outghosts Strindberg. Seals haunt the bedroom, first wives are pointed out on top of cupboards, a polite gentleman raises his hat and his head, too. Oh but, you say, that's funny. Would it be so funny in a world from which ghosts had vanished never again to walk in through locked doors? As we change, don't they? In a democracy they can hardly afford to be different. Fashion decrees the haircut for poets; and so—with a sigh, perhaps—the ghost sheds groans and chains.

But he remains one of the prime fascinators. My pleasure in *Apparitions* came in the first place from the narratives. There is a suicide tenant. Earlier in the evening his landlord had spoken to him, refusing some invitation, and now stood with a book by lamplight, his shoulders brushing the shutter. The hour was about ten. It had been snowing. The garden gate opened, footsteps ran up the drive, over the grass, and someone stood panting outside. There was a pause—with only the thin shutter and the pane of glass separating them—while the visitor seemed to get his breath. Then from all round came the most dreadful shriek, a prolonged wail of terror, dying away at last in pulsations of anguish. "Of my fright and terror I can say nothing—increased tenfold when I walked into the dining-room and found my wife sitting at work close to the window, in the same line and distant only 10 or 12 feet from the corresponding window in the breakfast room. *She had heard nothing.*" There were no tracks in the snow, but at the hour mentioned the tenant had taken poison at home and died.

That such stories, true or seeming true, should so clutch at us is a major embarrassment with which the serious writers on the subject must contend. Always the reader must be whisked back from his enjoyment, from that "willing suspension of disbelief" which Gothic fantasies may engender. The susceptible reader, that's to say: another type will exclaim heartily that it's all nonsense, and no evidence will shake him. Between the two the cool investigator must pick a course. He will need some qualities from both — imaginative insight as well as scientific scruple—or his discoveries in these tenebrous regions will be few.

The late G. N. M. Tyrrell was, it seems to me, an ideal investigator, cautious without being dull, aware of the possibilities, expert, never confined by the miniatuae of his study. Anyone who has come across his Penguin volume, *The Personality of Man*, will know that he writes of psychic research within a far wider framework, as indeed the title indicates. He knew his facts, and could see beyond them; instinctively he adopted the right tone for establishing what was the least refutable branch of psychology. No better introduction has been written; and the same qualities, the same persuasion in directions sometimes startling, will be found in *Apparitions*. This book first appeared eleven years ago and has now been reprinted.

On the basis of 61 cases evidentially sifted, he sets out to determine the nature of apparitions. They are classified under four heads: (1) Experimental, (2) Crisis-Apparitions, (3) Post-Mortem Cases, and (4) Ghosts. The first two are simulacra — controlled or involuntary — of the living, the latter two of the dead. There may seem to be worlds separating the experimenter who sits at home and projects his image to some distant drawing-room where he will be recognised (this has been done more than once) and the forlorn *habitué* of graves and ruins—the ghost we all, at any rate by hearsay, know. But according to Tyrrell both have the same essence, are produced by the same mechanism, and share many of the same characteristics. They are non-physical. They have no existence in space (so not leaving tracks). They ape reality with extraordinary attention, and it's not, as it were, their fault if sometimes they must step through walls and vanish into thin air. Among other properties listed are accompaniments of speech, scent, touch, even whole landscapes, and the tendency, when approached, to induce feelings of cold. Thus an apparition might seem to open and close a locked door, but in fact this would be a *trompe d'oeil*, the door having remained untouched.

What, then, is an apparition? A hallucination of that "solid" kind created by drugs or hypnosis, and produced in one person (the percipient) by another (the agent). It takes two to make a ghost, and the collaboration is achieved by telepathy. The image—a very exact one, endowed with limited action—or rather the idea of it is flung out by one—at the moment, say, of death—and realised by the other.

> The apparition [is] a piece of stage-machinery which the percipient must have a large hand in creating and some of the details for which he must supply—that is to say, an apparition cannot be merely a direct expression of the agent's *idea*; it must be a drama worked out with that idea as its *motif*. It is not easy at first to realise that a figure which opens (apparently) the door of a room and walks in, casts a shadow as it passes in front of a lamp, grows dim as the light fades, is reflected by the mirror, approaches the percipient, looks him full in the face, speaks to him and perhaps actually touches him, is not "there" in the sense in which an ordinary human being is "there." But all the evidence points to the view that what is "there" is a psychological marionette, the expression of a drama which has been thrown into sensory form, just as the human figures in a film-play are not "there" in the ordinary human sense but are optical constructions contrived to express a drama which has been arranged elsewhere.

The notion of a drama, with agent as author and percipient as producer, becomes the dominating image of Tyrrell's book; and extraordinarily compelling it is. Apparitions, however constituted, have always been felt to play some dramatic role mysterious to us—with which, however, we too were implicated—and the sharpening of common metaphor to a precise significance has a clinching effect. It would not, of course, strike so if the facts and the arguments giving rise to it had not already persuaded us. The passage goes on:

> It becomes a matter of great interest to ask who constructs these apparitional dramas, and how. We have already caught a glimpse of the machinery employed to express them; but the creation of the drama is a different process. There is evidently a long step between the drama as expressed and the agent's initiating idea. The agent at a moment of crisis certainly does not think of the percipient except in general terms. Probably he does no more than wish to be with him or wish that he could know what is happening to him. His part is only to give impetus and direction to the drama and to supply in very general terms the *motif*. The work of constructing the drama is done in certain regions of the personality which lie below the conscious level; and there the agent's general and simple idea is worked out in complex detail.

The personality here revealed differs radically from that hitherto offered to us by psychologists. Tyrrell argues that all our discoveries and theories—including those of psycho-analysis—have hinged upon one error: that of trying to impose spatial separation upon things that do not exist in space. If the apparition does not so exist, no more does the mind that conceives it: thought, consciousness, self are non-spatial. In what he calls the mid-levels of personality, corresponding roughly with the psycho-analyst's unconscious, there may be accesses and interchanges between one personality and another of which, but for dreams, hallucinations, apparitions, we should remain unaware. There is, if I understand him, a common unconscious. "Once the spaceless nature of the mid-level elements in the personality is realised, it is seen that their relations with one another must be of a non-spatial kind. There is nothing, then, particularly remarkable in telepathy. It is merely the results of these levels entering into what are, for them, normal relationships with one another. The wonder and the mystery lie in the levels themselves and their extraordinarily interesting character." Agent and percipient—to come back to those instigators of drama—are at this level not separate, but part of a single entity, as corpuscles are in the blood-stream or ants in the ant-city. The higher we ascend in personality the more distinct the individual it becomes. Some confirmation of this may be found in crowds and the loss of individuality one experiences in merging with them.

The reader of *Apparitions* will find that he has travelled a long way. A probably vague interest has been sharpened; psychic phenomena will no longer seem the violations of natural order they were; and one is led to the position of questioning an accepted order which has no use for them. Whether Tyrrell was himself drawn to his particular studies by the scoffings of the orthodox I don't know, but in *Homo Faber* he probes the grandiloquences and panics of science with delicate insistence. His general complaint is that today we are all trying to substitute knowledge for understanding, that *homo sapiens* is in danger of becoming *homo faber*. Experts are busy everywhere piling up facts and it is hoped that when enough facts have accumulated to make one big pile, there will be our new universe: at the same time—since the shortcomings of science are pretty obvious even to

* *Apparitions*. By G. N. M. Tyrrell. *Duckworth*. 12s. 6d.

those who exaggeratedly "believe" in it—every expert offers us a fictional universe built up from his own little fact pile and, of course, contradicting everyone else's—the physicist's, the biologist's, the astronomer's. Tyrrell's point is that the number of things science can ever hope to establish experimentally is exceedingly small, and that by so limiting ourselves, or attempting to limit ourselves, we shall lose important human faculties. Instead of running we condemn ourselves to the ritual of putting one foot in front of the other. His appeal for the bird's-eye view of intelligence as against scientific departmentalism is brilliantly though modestly sustained by this critical inquiry. In psysical research again (Professor H. H. Price tells us in his own introduction) he complained of more than enough facts and not enough ideas. He himself instituted and carried out one of those laboriously useful series of tests with bulbs in cabinets, but his impulse was that of the dying Goethe—*mehr Licht!*

Glancing again at *Apparitions* and succumbing to the original lure, I can't resist quoting another narrative—Case 7.

> A Mr. F. Gottschalk had written to a friend of his, who was to give a recitation at the Prince's Theatre, to ask at what time it would be. "In the evening," he says, "I was going out to see some friends, when on the road there seemed suddenly to develop itself before me a disc of light, which appeared to be on a different plane to everything else in view. It was not possible for me to fix the distance at which it seemed to be from me. Examining the illuminated space, I found that two hands were visible. They were engaged in drawing a letter from an envelope which I instinctively felt to be mine, and in consequence thought immediately that the hands were those of Mr. Thorpe . . . . I examined the picture and found that the hands were very white, and bared up to some distance above the wrist. Each forearm terminated in a ruffle, beyond that nothing was to be seen." About that time, Mr. Gottschalk discovered afterwards, his friend had received his letter at the theatre. "The whiteness of the hands," he says, "was accounted for by the fact that actors invariably whiten their hands when playing a part like the one Mr. Thorpe was engaged in—'Snake' in 'The School for Scandal.'"

Well, there you are. Or aren't. Helmholtz had the perfect reply to all such tales: "Neither the testimony of all the Fellows of the Royal Society, nor even the evidence of my own senses could lead me to believe in the transmission of thoughts from one person to another, independently of the recognised channels of sensation!"

G. W. STONIER

DRINKING THE SUN OF CORINTH

(*From the Modern Greek of Odysseus Elytis*).

Drinking the sun of Corinth,
Reading the marbles,
Striding through seas of vineyards,
Aiming with the harpoon
At a gift of a fish which glides away,
I have found the pages which the psalm of the sun
  memorises,
The living land which desire
Rejoices to unfold.

I drink water, I cut fruit,
I thrust my hand into the leafage of the wind:
Green birds splinter my dreams,
I go away with a glance,
An ample glance, wherein the world becomes again
Beautiful, from the beginning, to the heart's own
  metres.

KENNETH A. WOOD

TORRENTS OF HEMINGWAY

Ernest Hemingway. By PHILIP YOUNG. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book is fairly good and very serious and a little irritating—a continuous critical annotation which it would be useful to have by you if you were reading Hemingway at the same time. At the beginning, Mr. Young describes the reaction of the youthful Hemingway to his contacts with "violence and evil." At the end, he tells of his "flight from violence and evil," which is the last "defense." The middle of the book relates the various adjustments of Hemingway to violence and evil. Mr. Young asks himself whether the actual world of the twentieth century is as bad a place as Hemingway's picture of it suggests. He has little difficulty in proving that it is; and thence concludes—"that while other writers were watching the side acts, Hemingway's eyes have been from the start riveted on the main show." What he does not ask himself is whether Hemingway's picture of a bad world is intrinsically such, in grasp and execution, as to make him important; instead, he brings in the badness of the world to ratify an importance which otherwise he more or less takes for granted.

Similarly, Mr. Young invokes *Huckleberry Finn* to show that violence and evil, with such attendant themes as shock, escape, rejection, personal code and honour, far from being isolated or freakish in Hemingway, have come down to him in direct line from Mark Twain. He has little difficulty in proving this. Huck Finn, he says, means something special to Americans, is part of their "myth"; the link doubly ratifies Hemingway's importance. But what the link in fact means is that Hemingway has genuinely written a new chapter in this myth-like American autobiography. It does not say, nor does Mr. Young, how well he has written it. It does not estimate, and Mr. Young does not, the comparative stature of Twain and Hemingway as writers.

I think that Mr. Young has got too close to his subject. In his sketch of Hemingway's life he seems to go right inside it. "Here the boy, like Nick, did his real growing up, and learned to hunt, fish, shoot, and know girls." Telling of Hemingway's "expertness with big game and fish," prowess in taking and handing out punishment, glamour for women, and exploits in battle, Mr. Young adopts not only the voice of his subject, but also his highly selective notions of masculinity. Consequently he never asks himself whether the physical violence in Hemingway's writing, and the gallery of prize-fighters, big-game hunters, with mutilated heroes that goes along with it, are truly comprehensive and satisfactory symbols for the actual "violence and evil" of our half-century. I think that they are too narrow and too external and have been surpassed by other writers, especially Malraux. The issue is debatable. Mr. Young does not debate it.

While praising *The Sun Also Rises* Mr. Young mentions that "some of the dialogue . . . is embarrassing"; unfortunately he only mentions this. Of course it is crucial for a critic if an author's dialogue embarrasses him; especially, in the case of Hemingway, for an American critic, who may rightly accept many things that trouble an English ear. If Mr. Young had examined his embarrassment he might have come to understand, instead of misunderstanding and curtly disparaging, the element of insight in Mr. Wyndham Lewis's famous essay "The Dumb Ox." He says that Mr. Lewis's "dumb-ox" appellation denies, and denies falsely, that the Hemingway hero is really an "extremely sensitive" human being whom life has wounded and shocked. The point was, however, not to deny that the Hemingway hero is sensitive; of course he is; but to show that the way of development that Hemingway prescribes for him, by which alone he will become a Man, is a way of hardening and limiting whose end-product, effective but inarticulate, is not at all unlike a "dumb ox." Is there any doubt as to this? When the ox speaks, he will say some

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JONATHAN CAPE

such thing as—"It's sort of what we have instead of God." There will be embarrassment. But mostly he is dumb and, too true, he will go to the slaughterhouse; at which stage the fact that he is sensitive makes no difference. He may be bursting with tight-mouthed sentimentality and self-pity. In Hemingway he often is. All these traits in Hemingway, and the narrow way in which he externalises them, ask for a scrutiny which they do not get here.

At points along the route Mr. Young stops to tell us that Hemingway has "come a long way." Hemingway, in fact, has not come a long way; he has stayed on the same spot, and different things have put themselves in front of him. It is Mr. Young who is making this long journey. En route he stops at *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (1936), and is no doubt right in reading into it Hemingway's determination to slough off too comfortable laurels and brace himself to make impossible any such fate as was illustrated for him by the supposed deterioration of "poor" Scott Fitzgerald; but this exercise, though carried through with a battering excellence tortured into grimacing poetry, did not show which way Hemingway was moving, nor even that he was moving at all. Then came the Spanish War; and Hemingway came with it "a long way," from chosen isolation to chosen co-operation. This however, as *For Whom the Bell Tolls* reveals, was not a real advance, it was an uncomfortable fidget. The one real advance is, I believe, that achieved by *The Old Man of the Sea*, that recent wonderful tale whose new burdens of acceptance and affirmation ring the more finely for Hemingway's habitual hardness and for his long tempering of his technique.

Mr. Young has very good pages on this story; on Hemingway's influence he is equally good, and his whole book might have been fascinating as well as satisfying, if it had kept the intelligent distance of sentences such as the following, where he brushes off Hemingway imitators:

> When Hemingway is at his best, describing the narrow, bare, and limited world he allows himself to see and has for the most part mastered, the reader is aware of what is missing, because Hemingway is aware of it too, and has communicated his awareness. The fact that very many things are missing, and pitifully missing, is often his point. . . . But this is a level of meaning that his imitators lack utterly. They are unaware of what is left out, and even of the fact that anything is absent. Their world is not barren because Catherine died, but because they never knew she existed. . . . The gestures, attitudes, and preoccupations which are meaningful and valid in him have become in his imitators a host of sound and furies which signify nothing that we could not do without.

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PLAYING MOTHERS AND FATHERS

Sex in History. By G. RATTRAY TAYLOR. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

Mr. Gordon Rattray Taylor's previous books, particularly *Conditions of Happiness*, have demonstrated the valuable use to which an imaginative mind can put the theories of the social sciences. The majority of sociologists and social psychologists write boringly about subjects which are intrinsically dull, and preserve their professional respectability by avoiding stimulating speculation. This is all very well. Science plods on in this way, but slowly and drably from one little problem to the next. What really sets the wheels turning is a bold and large-scale hunch which we can all set about disproving, getting out of our ruts to do so, and in the process discovering something really worth while.

Mr. Rattray Taylor's hunch is that patterns of sexual morality and behaviour fluctuate between two extremes which he calls patrist and matrist. These terms, which he deprecates as jargon but justifies as useful shorthand, derive from his belief that such patterns correspond to the attitudes found in individuals who identify themselves respectively with their mothers and with their fathers. Very briefly, the patrist qualities are those associated by modern psychoanalytic literature with the authoritarian personality—there is a restrictive attitude towards sex, women are seen as inferior and sinful, there is little spontaneity, research and inquiry are feared. On the other hand, the matrist pattern is liberal, spontaneous and zestful. From the psychological point of view, it is perhaps most interesting that tendencies towards homosexuality (and therefore fears of it) are characteristic of patrist societies, while incest is the corresponding bugbear of the matrist ones. Pre-Christian England, the Restoration period and the present day incline towards matrism (the current hullabaloo about homosexuals perhaps being the sting in the patrist tail); while patrism was dominant in medieval and Victorian times.

The author develops this theme with a serious scholarship which by no means detracts from the entertainment value of his book. In fact, there are too many quotable stories for easy choice, but I was particularly delighted by the eminent Victorian doctor who wrote that it was a "vile aspersion" to consider that women had any sexual feelings at all. Mr. Rattray Taylor is particularly interesting on the transition periods between matrist and patrist emphasis, and devotes a long section to the rise of the troubadours and the religious sect of the Cathari at the beginning of the twelfth century in Provence and Languedoc, showing how their respective practices of *agape* and courtly love set a new pattern in the relations of the sexes. (Incidentally, and this is typical of the fascinating bits of information with which this book is full—it appears that the symbol of the Cathari was a cat. They were condemned as heretics and subsequent heretical sects, such as the Waldenses, also adopted the cat as their symbol. But heretics were often associated with witchcraft, hence the cat which is depicted as witch's familiar in children's books today.)

This attempt to treat sexual behaviour as a part of social history is new and, given the size of the book, necessarily fragmentary. The pedant could no doubt pick many holes and the writer sometimes lays himself open to unnecessary criticism by his acceptance as fact of what is controversial; for example "three of the gospels are journalistic recensions, made in the second century from a document now lost." But carping criticism would be ungrateful, for the task is important and has been tackled with both verve and skill. It must be said, however, that despite the plausibility of the ideas, they are still in the nature of hunches rather than working hypotheses. I say this because long-range psycho-analysis (as one might call the method of approach upon which this book is based) is far from being a precision tool. It is hard enough to know about a living person (psycho-analysis may take years); it is infinitely harder to know enough about the intimate thoughts and habits of an historical character to make any sure diagnosis; but when one is dealing with whole civilisations spanning centuries, the task is almost impossible. And yet virtually anything can be made to sound possible, for the difficulties of proving what is right are only equalled by showing what is wrong. Only a profound knowledge of history, possessed by neither Mr. Rattray Taylor (on his own admission) nor myself, may lead one to realise the inadequacy of the neat psycho-sociological theory. I am reminded of the author of a recent work on the great Massachusetts witch-hunt, who started collecting the material to prove a psychological point, but found that as her knowledge grew the theory dwindled and finally disintegrated. Of course, the trouble is selection. For example, it is only too easy to find bad things to say about the churches when this fits the theory. Yet, given a particular point of view, it may be almost impossible to credit with a permanent core of loving-kindness an institution some of whose powerful members may be corrupt, fanatical, or merely conventional.

It would be interesting to make a comparative study of contemporary primitive societies designed to obtain hard evidence which might transform Mr. Rattray Taylor's hunches into respectable hypotheses. From this, we might also find a rather tantalising gap in his writing. His belief that sexual patterns derive from parental identifications is, in some senses, certainly true, as is shown by Dicks in his work on German character structure. But just how do these identifications veer from paternal to maternal and vice versa? Some extraordinary intimate upheavals must have occurred, if this book is right, somewhere in the mid-eighteenth century, when a predominantly matrist culture began giving way to the patrist culture which flowered under Victoria. This, perhaps, is the main question which emerges, and we would all be grateful if Mr. Rattray Taylor would turn his mind to it with the insight and imagination he has shown in the present work.

ADAM CURLE

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The Age of Inigo Jones. By JAMES LEES-MILNE. *Batsford.* 42*s.*

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moment he entered the Surveyorship, a giant among pygmies, and as with all such giants, posterity soon made him nebulous and absurd by misattribution and neglect of documentary sources. It is now just a quarter of a century since the late J. A. Gotch took the Jones chaos in hand, sheared off the obvious nonsense (and a little more, by mistake), combed the State Papers and gave a workmanlike account of the architect's career. In the interval, some excellent detail work has been forthcoming, chiefly in papers by Mr. W. Grant Keith and Professor Wittkower and in the fastidious overhaul, by Dr. Margaret Whinney, of the Jones-Webb drawings for Whitehall. We now know quite a lot about Jones, his writings and his style and in Mr. Lees-Milne's new book we have the up-to-date picture sensibly and attractively presented. The biographical part is much compressed. The buildings are treated in some detail and the title of the book (which makes a third in a series), has warranted a general survey of the English classical building of Jones's lifetime—including many of the old shearings, with their varied and amusing problems.

Mr. Lees-Milne devotes one chapter to the central core of secure attributions—the official works for the King and a few well-documented outliers. Nobody is likely to quarrel with his list, except perhaps, to suggest that the Somerset House gallery must surely be (as Colen Campbell firmly stated) a posthumous work and that the little doorway in the Covent Garden piazza must lie under suspicion of being part of Henry Clutton's rebuilding of 1878. The chapter on "some attributed buildings" is necessarily selective, the wilder guesses of county historians being very properly ignored. Here are some charming puzzles—the just-not-Jonesian (or could they be?) frontispieces at Houghton Conquest; the screen at Castle Ashby, so expert in composition, so faulty in detail; and the beautiful work at Raynham Hall, Norfolk. Mr. Lees-Milne would like to connect this with Jones's relative and pupil, John Webb, and one has only to glance at Webb's designs for Amesbury and Belvoir to see how promising this suggestion is, provided the documents will allow a date as late as 1658 for parts of the house.

Later chapters deal, in a methodical and interesting way, with the lesser figures of the Jones period. One is devoted to the Dutch-trained master-mason, Nicholas Stone, and artisans of his kind, another with John Webb, and a third with the rather ridiculous Gerbier and that admirable minor master, Pratt, who, since the burning of Coleshill in 1952, has receded into the twilit world of prints and photographs. Peter Mills gets into this latter chapter, on the strength of his recently revealed responsibility for Thorpe Hall; but Mills was strictly an artisan figure and would perhaps be more comfortably classed with Stone. The book is pleasantly produced and so very well illustrated that one is prompted to express just two wishes for a second edition. One is for the elimination of an alleged Samuel Scott which horribly distorts Jones's Somerset House; the other is for the inclusion of some of the exquisite Webb drawings of the Whitehall Palace projects.

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MARX AMONG THE DOCTORS

Christian Faith and Communist Faith. A series of studies by members of the Anglican Communion. Edited by D. M. MACKINNON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

This is an honest, provocative, searching, yet in some ways unsatisfactory book. It is not in any sense a mere popular pulpit attack on Marxism. Indeed the writers often stress an agreement between Marxism and Christianity in rejection of features in modern philosophy and modern society. "It seems to me," writes Mr. M. B. Foster, "that the Christian should agree with almost all the criticism that the Marxist brings against idealism." "The Gospel has no particular quarrel," writes the Rev. Christopher Evans, "with the Marxist analysis of human history in terms of economic self-interest and of the greed which issues in the class struggle." "In Marxism," writes the Rev. R. V. Larmour, "we have the impression of a thinking that is always vitally concerned with truth, not as the object of a disinterested intellection, but as that which is derived from life as it is given in the concrete." Their argument is often that the Marxist is not radical enough.

It is a limitation that the book is in the form of a symposium. Sometimes the writers seem not quite in step, as on the question whether there are eternal truths or not, and some aspects of the subject are inadequately discussed, probably because they slipped between the topics assigned to the several contributors. Professor H. A. Hodges shows how Hegelian idealism developed into Marxian materialism, and Mr. D. L. Munby gives a closely technical economic study of Leninism and Stalinism. A section on philosophical issues raised by Marxism contains papers by the Rev. R. V. Larmour ("Truth and truthfulness," a study of the subjective and instrumental elements in truth), Mr. M. B. Foster ("Historical materialism," which among other things points out that materialists deny only the *originative* force of ideas), and Mr. I. M. Crombie ("Social clockwork and utilitarian morality," which accepts much of the Marxist analysis of social dynamics but denies its power to foretell the pattern of the future or its right to compel men to fit into it). The Rev. Christopher Evans, in a section entitled "The faith of the New Testament," is concerned to show that the Gospel and the Early Church were dealing with political, not merely with ecclesiastical, issues, but that these were seen, not (as the Marxist sees them) as a self-explanatory world, but in the light of the transcendent rule of God in Christ.

Four contributors provide studies in the Christian understanding of human life and destiny. Father Martin Jarrett-Kerr, in a racy article, which draws much of its evidence from modern novels, asserts that Christianity throws more light than Marxism on man as compassionate, individual, creative, dissatisfied and reborn. Professor G. E. Hughes is rather academic in his discussion of social justice, confessing that there is no precise Christian doctrine of society. Dr. Arnold Toynbee argues that, since the human time-scale is so brief against the vastness of the age of the universe, the Incarnation (and indeed all the great religions) is virtually contemporary with us; it is not easy to see the relevance of this to the Christian understanding of History. Dr. J. A. T. Robinson compares Christian and Marxist apocalyptic. In two frank papers the editor, Professor D. M. Mackinnon, seems to cut further down to the living issues than some of the other contributors. The Marxist, he says, makes a "total revolt" against the world as it is; the Christian can do no less, but in obedience to the will of the transcendent God revealed in the unique Incarnation and Resurrection, with which the Christian is united by worship and sacrament.

This book is notable because it takes a great issue seriously, gives full force to what is said on the other side, and attempts no smart rejoinders or easy solutions. Some readers will feel that such a subject requires a treatment more historical and down-to-earth, but the authors are following an honourable tradition of philosophical theology, as studied in British universities, when they treat this urgent practical issue as fundamentally metaphysical.

H. L. SHORT

NEW NOVELS

Lucky Jim. By KINGSLEY AMIS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Gross of Pyjamas. By RICHARD BISSELL. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Bed of Roses. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Charioteer. By MARY RENAULT. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

A new hero has risen among us. Is he the intellectual tough, or the tough intellectual? He is consciously, even conscientiously, graceless. His face, when not dead-pan, is set in a snarl of exasperation. He has one skin too few, but his is not the sensitiveness of the young man in earlier twentieth-century fiction: it is the phoney to which his nerve-ends are tremblingly exposed, and at the least suspicion of the phoney he goes tough. He is at odds with his conventional university education, though he comes generally from a famous university: he has seen through the academic racket as he sees through all the others. A racket is phoneyness organised, and in contact with phoneyness he turns red just as litmus paper does in contact with an acid. In life he has been among us for some little time. One may speculate whence he derives. The Services, certainly, helped to make him; but George Orwell, Dr. Leavis and the Logical Positivists—or, rather, the attitudes these represent—all contributed to his genesis. In fiction I think he first arrived last year, as the central character of Mr. John Wain's novel *Hurry On Down.* He turns up again in Mr. Amis's *Lucky Jim.*

Mr. Wain's character was the picaresque hero, and the picaresque has commonly been a vehicle for satire. Mr. Amis isn't writing picaresque or even satire. He comes at times very close to farce, yet not farce as we normally think of it. His hero, Jim Dixon, is in his first term as an assistant lecturer in history in a provincial university. Everything goes wrong for him. He has the gift of precipitating the most impossible situations, situations which cannot be explained away. Thus, on his first appearance in the university, he appears to have gratuitously assaulted the Professor of English. He goes for an arty weekend at the Professor of History's, quarrels with the Professor's son, gets drunk and sets his bed on fire with a forgotten cigarette. Towards the end of the term, when he has to deliver the popular public lecture which may reinstate him

in the eyes of the Faculty and save him his job, he finds himself involuntarily parodying the manner first of the principal and then of his professor, and finally embarked on a wild burlesque of all such popular lectures on his theme—"Merry England," which he is supposed to praise.

This may suggest that he is, as it were, remotely a Chaplin-figure, the *naif* who, from his very innocence, exposes the sham. Jim Dixon is far from that: he is, in his anxious way, playing the racket. If he were less anxious, he would play it better: the impossible situations arise from the fact he can never wholly kid himself that the racket is worth playing. He is not the dumb ox with the heart of gold at all; his attitude, even as he compromises, is much more that of Mr. Lewis's Soldier of Humour.

Lucky Jim is an extremely interesting first novel, and parts of it are very funny indeed: the episodes of the bed-burning and Jim's public lecture, for instance, mount to the complexity and tension of certain passages in the Marx Brothers' films or in the paper-hanging act one still sees from time to time in pantomime. And Mr. Amis has an unwaveringly merciless eye for the bogus: some aspects of provincial culture—the madrigals and recorders of Professor Welch, for instance—are pinned down as accurately as they have ever been; and he has, too, an eye for character—the female lecturer Margaret, who battens neurotically on Jim's pity, is quite horribly well done. Mr. Amis is a novelist of formidable and uncomfortable talent.

A Gross of Pyjamas is also funny, and in a new way: the publisher's reference to Damon Runyan should be ignored.

> You are in swell shape, Sid, I said to myself as I was shaving. You have got yourself right in the middle of a slowdown and an idiotic union-management hassle with both sides sore at you, you have a swell girl that looks like Rita Hayworth, but you got drunk and laid some rich girl, got your nose busted and made a damn fool of yourself, you look all beat to hell and your brains have turned to Orange Jello.

The quotation expresses the hero's dilemma. Sid is a first-generation Russian-American born at Gary, Indiana, seeking to climb into "Top Management" by working as superintendent at the Sleep Tite pyjama plant (*Sleep Tite, the Pyjama for Men of Bedroom Discrimination*), in Junction City, Iowa. Sid, who is not at all a Babbitt, tells his story himself, extremely racily; and Mr. Bissell has written a most entertaining and I suspect not outrageous satire on American small-town life and industry, a satire which, in its high spirits and good humour, one might say its American self-confidence, is reminiscent of the pages of the *American Mercury* under Mencken. The extracts from the Sleep Tite *Flash* to its salesmen, which run through the novel, are especially delightful.

What is to be said of *A Bed of Roses*? Well, Mr. Sansom has plainly been on a liner to Gibraltar, spent some time in Seville during the *feria*, taken in a bull-fight and inspected Barcelona. These experiences he renders as vividly as one would expect: he is a first-rate descriptive writer. But as a novel? *A Bed of Roses* is all about a lady archæologist who, having lived for four years with a psychopath, finally cuts away from him, goes to Spain with friends and becomes engaged to a nice architect. The latter is very soon knocked down and hacked in the groin by the psychopath, who has been pursuing her all the time, and to whom, after considerable misunderstanding and considerable exploration of the countryside of Spain, the lady archæologist returns. My principal contribution to this synopsis is the word "psychopath": the hero is in fact a not-very-good film actor whose quality as a human being is best indicated by what another character says of him: "it's like keeping company with a running sore." The descriptive passages apart, Mr. Sansom doesn't seem to have tried very hard this time; the characterisation is perfunctory; and one is left in the end whistling with dismay at the discrepancy between Mr. Sansom's talent and what on this occasion he has done with it.

The Charioteer has been very highly praised, and in a certain sense very properly. Miss Renault is a most able novelist and writes with considerable distinction. The whole general background of her novel, that of military hospitals immediately after Dunkirk, is admirably done, and the large gallery of subsidiary characters is very vividly drawn. There remains only the all-male triangle which is the book's theme: the wounded young corporal newly aware of his homosexuality who is in love with a young and innocent conscientious objector working in the hospital and is loved by the stiff-upper-lipped naval officer who was once his head prefect. *The Charioteer* is the Homosexual Novel Beautiful. All the same, it's by its characterisation that it must stand or fall. The nasty queers convince; the nice ones don't. As for Lieutenant Ralph Lanyon, R.N., the noblest of them all, I last met him how long ago in the pages of *The Captain*. It's taken me all these years to discover what became of him.

WALTER ALLEN

THE SLOW LEARNER

The Dollar. By ROY HARROD. *Macmillan.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

These three lectures are the fruit of Mr. Harrod's tenure of the Watson Chair, dedicated—as he tells us—to commemorate the present Duke of Windsor's visit to the U.S. long before the last war. The first two consist of a somewhat personalised history of the American currency. The great social and economic problems which have agitated the United States seem of little interest to Mr. Harrod, who concentrates on heroes. But hero-worship does not constitute history, and in the end one is left bewildered, contemplating the Federal Reserve and the dollar (a personal creation of eminent personages rather than a belated response to a change in economic climate) in a sociological vacuum.

The third lecture brings us to 1944 and Bretton Woods. The Americans, oddly enough, even then thought they could secure the world from business depressions and advance social justice by returning to policies which had led to the Great Depression. The pill of sound money was to be sugared by once-for-all financial help. Keynes had been tempted to agree to a compromise by the hope of being able in the end to persuade the Americans to play his game. He went too far and wholly compromised his original conception of an effective International Central Bank and Investment Board, a plan which had distinguished Socialist parentage. Though, the most persuasive of all special pleaders, Keynes persuaded even himself that he had not given up anything. At Savannah, at the inauguration of the Fund, Mr. Fred Vinson disillusioned him. As an American spokesman recently put it:

> The British negotiators, headed by Lord Keynes who with Harry Dexter White, did most of the work in setting up the Fund originally, thought that members would have virtually automatic access to currencies in the pool. But the Americans wouldn't join until it was made clear that no drawing would be allowed except for purely temporary currency shortages. This automatically ruled out dollar drawings for most countries, because it was clear that the dollar shortage was not temporary.

Mr. Harrod never understood this essential fact. Now some glimmer of comprehension is shown in his demand for a complete revision of the Charter of the Fund by guaranteeing that countries under pressure can borrow from the Fund without further American consent, and by permitting the suspension of convertibility of the other countries' currencies into dollars when they are as scarce as they now are. (There is not, of course, the slightest chance of the U.S. agreeing to such a revision.)

In the final chapter Mr. Harrod at last acknowledges the reality of a dollar gap, the existence of which he so strenuously denied in his ferocious diatribes against the Labour Government. Having just pleaded for the resurrection of the "scarce

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currency clause" *i.e.*, the suspension of convertibility, he suddenly demands that the Western European countries should make the earnings of non-dollar non-sterling countries convertible into dollars (the others already have this privilege). The surprising reason for the recommendation is that it would enable Europe *to earn* more dollars. He admits that all countries are short of dollars. Thus if European currencies are made convertible, exports to us become equivalent to exports to the U.S.: they would both secure dollars. It is therefore all but certain that the countries affected (*e.g.* Argentina and Egypt) would do their best to increase sales to, and cut imports from, Europe so as to obtain dollars. Europe would then be forced to cut imports in its turn from the dollar area and elsewhere and so on. This seems an odd way to achieve harmony, and a high volume of trade—and one which at any rate is at complete variance with Mr. Harrod's own analysis.

T. BALOGH

WAR-HISTORIES

Royal Air Force. 1939-1945. Vol. 1. The Fight at Odds. By DENIS RICHARDS. *H.M.S.O.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Crete (New Zealand in the Second World War). By D. M. DAVIN. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The recording of the second war has followed the pattern of the first. Behind the advance-guard of personal reminiscences from the fighters and escapers march the solemn column of regimental records. Now looming up are the big battalions of official war-histories, and a rear-guard of great plays and novels is still perhaps to come. We already have the main facts. The documents of both sides have been studied, the survivors interviewed. Permanent conclusions are taking shape.

We won the war by skilful parrying, followed by massive counter-attack. With the first phase we associate Fighter Command, with the second the bombers, and it is with the first, the finer hour for the R.A.F., that Mr. Richards's volume is concerned. Finer, but except for the Battle of Britain, finer only in retrospect. The R.A.F., so sensitive and brittle an instrument, was employed in those early years for many wrong or hopeless purposes. Their courage and difficulties, and the very fewness which was soon to bring them their greatest renown, were not understood at the time. Like secret agents, the pilots operated mainly out of sight, and like agents they often died unhonoured by any but their friends.

Mr. Richards has now restored proper proportion to this first phase of the air war. The Air Ministry, he reminds us, was committed by pre-war decisions to building up a powerful force not of fighters but of bombers as its main contribution to victory. Yet fighters were the only weapon which the B.E.F. could appreciate. The soldier expected immunity from bombs as he never expected it from shells and bullets. He was not impressed by the knowledge that the enemy were simultaneously under fire from the air, and so he spat on the R.A.F. uniform on returning to Dover from Dunkirk. To this unprecedented insult the R.A.F. replied with the Battle of Britain. Dowding, whose reputation glows yearly brighter, had created Fighter Command, fought political battles for its survival, and now used it with an astonishing humanity as well as skill. The world's largest air force was within an hour's flight of the world's largest target, and on June 4, 1940, Dowding had only 446 serviceable aircraft to keep one from the other. A defence system which had been designed to defeat unescorted bombers operating from Germany proved good enough to defeat escorted bombers, sometimes with a local superiority of thirty to one, operating from France. Even to those of us who witnessed it, and who can now know every fact, the Battle of Britain still seems hugely strange.

By the rest of the book one is interested but not astonished. It is surprising, for example, to learn, that the great attack on Coventry cost the Luftwaffe the loss of only a single bomber; that we usually knew in advance the destination of each German raid; that at the height of the Blitz the Air Ministry devised a weapon called "Mutton," which consisted of 2,000 feet of piano wire with a parachute at the top and a small bomb at the bottom; that the *Scharnhorst* incident, of which the R.A.F. is least proud, was caused by three separate failures on patrol; and that early bomber navigation was so bad that only one of every three of our aircraft claiming to have attacked actually arrived within five miles of its target.

As these random examples show, credit and discredit, policy and adventure, science and tactics, are fairly balanced throughout the book. I only regret the occasional lapses into outdated sneers against an enemy whom the R.A.F. defeated with resolution unmixed with malice.

To describe the operations of the R.A.F. is as difficult as to record the wanderings of bees from innumerable hives, but the Crete story is complete and compact, a length of thirteen days snipped off at either end from the ribbon of history. Mr. Davin's official account occupies 550 pages, and deals mainly with the role of the New Zealand Division at Maleme, the main target of Student's airborne attack. It is a clear, unusually detailed record, illuminated by fine maps which alone, by their spreading whorls of blue and red, tell the whole story of penetration and defeat. Though the account is written with pride and sorrow by an actual participant in the battle, it is bold enough to blame statesmen for wrongly appreciating the importance of Crete in Mediterranean strategy, Colonels for ordering fatal withdrawals on insufficient information, and, by implication, individual soldiers for failure at critical moments. Mr. Davin's summing-up is a good one: "Mistakes were made, but they were not more numerous or more culpable than the mistakes made, say, at Alamein." For Hitler it was essential to win the battle, for Wavell it was not. The N. Z. Division survived to capture Trieste, but Crete, said Student at his trial, "was the graveyard of the German parachutist." They never again went into action from the air. Is the victor always the one who remains in possession of the battlefield?

NIGEL NICOLSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The French Revolution. By GAETANO SALVEMINI. Translated by J. M. RAWSON. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Publishers agree, whatever their other differences, that there can never be too many books about the French Revolution. Experience proves them right. This one is the Book Society's non-fiction choice—whatever that may mean, it is presumably a recommendation. No fault can be found with the choice. Though Professor Salvemini wrote his history in 1907, he has revised it steadily; and there is not much wrong with the scholarship by present-day standards. The translation is admirable.

Anyone starting to read about the French Revolution for the first time would do very well with this book. But such readers are rare. And it is difficult to think of any reason for reading again a smooth narrative of what has been covered a hundred times already. There is none of the passion of Carlyle; there is less careful analysis than in J. M. Thompson. The judgments, though original enough in 1907, are by now conventional; and some of them would be challenged by present scholars. There is too much about the bourgeoisie, and not enough about the revolution of the nobility. The survey of intellectual trends is inevitably superficial. And the book ends with the fall of the monarchy in 1792, whereas nowadays we are most interested in the Jacobins.

This I Believe. Edited by EDWARD R. MURROW. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is the result of a successful American radio programme. A large number of people, eminent and otherwise, were invited to expound their working faith in 600 words, to be broadcast by 196 radio

stations in U.S.A. and 140 overseas stations in six languages, printed in 85 newspapers, studied in schools, and presented by the State Department to the leading newspapers in 97 countries. In this volume are 100 examples, 50 British and 50 American, mostly by well-known people; brief biographies are given, stressing chiefly the schools and universities they went to, and their more public achievements. "I believe in platitudes," says one of them, and that of course is the danger of such an enterprise. Kindness, courage, tolerance, experiment, reverence for life: these are the most frequent notes. Modern man, it appears, has more confidence in his own good intentions than in the ultimate meaning of things. Usually something individual also breaks through, but the poets among them are not specially poetical nor the philosophers particularly profound. The basic attitudes seem to stem from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (Voltaire, Rousseau and Darwin, on their more genial sides), rather than from ancient faiths or contemporary prophets; there are no Existentialists, neo-Calvinists, unworldly mystics, or revolutionaries, and the Christians, except for one downright Christian Scientist, are mostly rather tentative.

The Woman in the Case, and Other Stories. By ANTON CHEKHOV. Trans. by APRIL FITZLYON and KIRIL ZINOVIEFF. Intro. by ANDREW G. COLIN. *Spearman & Calder.* 11*s* 6*d.*

Twenty-three stories by Chekhov not before published in England! And, quite outrageously, the cover reveals a small naked man, with staff and hat, a double-bass case slung on his back, plodding along the highway. What we don't see, until we are well advanced in the first story, is the contents of this strange pilgrim's load—the Woman in the Case. How she got there, how she got out, what the world said, and all, may seem not quite the Chekhov we know. It is in fact A. Chekhonte, that exuberant precursor who combined medical studies with light tales for the press. He used to pretend that he could write a story a day, starting from anything. Eighteen of the stories collected here are the work of A. Chekhonte; and very gay and diverting they are. A sanitary commission starts investigating the local shops and ends in the inn; a husband sympathises with the lover on his wife's atrocious temperament; a reporter dreams the diplomatic evening he should have attended; the winning lottery ticket that was the wife's has found its way somehow to the mistress.

Later Chekhov is best represented by "A Visit to Friends," in which memories of youth, of three girls in the country are excruciatingly put to the test by a long-delayed visit; the old charm won't be renewed, the possible marriage is thrust away, garrulousness sets the nerves on edge and drink blunts them, and this researcher into times past and budding groves cut short his visit to leave early for town. Here are the hopes, meanderings, heartbreaks and chills of *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters* (especially the latter) without quite their cohesion and poetry; desolation outweighs pleasure. In general the translations are fair. The introduction is a model (which Chekhov would have appreciated) of what it shouldn't be, starting: "I have been asked to write an introduction . . . "

The Shame of New York. By ED. REID. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

For many years now gangsters have been prominent in the life of New York City. Big shots like Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Harry Gross, Frank Costello, and Thomas "Three Finger" Luchese have moved with equal ease and authority in upper set and underworld. Now Buchalter has been executed, Gross is in gaol, but Costello and Luchese are still to be seen in the right bars, tended by loving trigger-men and haloed by the kind of glamour that belongs only to the most successful among public entertainers.

The Shame of New York sets out principally to show beyond denial the continuing association of racketeers, politicians and police, and, concentrating on Luchese, produces evidence of much significant hobnobbing at recent civic functions. Many of those who had eaten or drunk with Three Finger subsequently denied they knew he was crooked. True or not, we cannot be surprised to learn how few doors are closed to the presiding genius of a Mob that clears 140 million dollars a year from control of the waterfront and its labour, and probably twice that figure from the drug traffic. Anyway here are the sordid statistics and a brief classified guide to outstanding hoodlums. The author has worked as a New York crime reporter and his book reads like a collection of articles, many of them padded into book-length chapters with excess of detail and anecdote.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,249

Set by Allan O. Waith

An apocryphal Treasury "Organisation and Methods" report on a symphony concert begins: "For considerable periods the four oboe players had nothing to do. The numbers should be reduced and the work spread more evenly over the whole concert, thus eliminating peaks of activity. . . . No useful purpose is served by repeating on the horns a passage which has already been handled by the strings." Competitors are asked for 200 words of a similarly detached efficiency report on any of the following: a House of Commons debate, a cricket match, a university education, a daily newspaper, a Lord Mayor's Banquet, a fox-hunt. Entries by February 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,246

Set by T. St. George

It has been suggested that feats of valour or endurance on the battlefields of the arts might be commemorated by an enlightened government. Prizes are offered for four such citations (from the present or the past) naming the medal and the recipient, and briefly describing the deed. Suggested instances might be the reviewing of a Sitwell, the unmasking of a Borgia, intervention in the Political Prisoner controversy (or the Whistler/Wilde or Belloc/Wells engagements), or merely long and faithful service on the walls of Burlington House.

Report by T. St. George

Conspicuous gallantry was, very properly, shown by few competitors. And yet, there must have been many a shade who laid down this number of the Gazette with that false smile which does not quite conceal a disappointment. One would have thought that any of the following might, in their particular ways, have merited an award of sorts: Blake, Byron, Tupper, or (in our own time) the Editor of —— or of ——; or ——, but the list is endless. Literature was not the only battlefield. Shaftesbury Avenue had its handful of heroes: the Albert and Wigmore Halls very few: the No-Man's Land of Langham Place almost none—though a Birthday Honour, at least, might have been earned by a long enough period of non-participation. Our own medal of the week (with grant of 3 guineas) goes to J. P. Stevenson; a guinea to F. J. Arnold; half a guinea each to the other meritorious sorties listed below.

The Most Venerable Order of the Golden Bough, in recognition of services in Palestine:-

To be an Extraordinary Companion of the said most Venerable Order :—

Robert Ranke GRAVES, Esquire, for an assault landing unique among Combined Operations. He occasionally came down to earth with the most erudite authority, but shot most of his artillery from castles in the air, while his direction of the campaign as a whole was all at sea.

Posthumous award in recognition of services in Palestine:-

Bar to the Meritorious Critic's Medal.

The Prophet AMOS, for debunking the writer of the Psalms (*Amos* 6.5).

Mentioned :—

Graham GREENE, Esquire, for engaging Mr. Somerset Maugham at very long range with a peashooter.

CRITIC, for similar operations against Lambeth Palace.

J. P. STEVENSON

Mr. Wu Sung Lo (*The Arts Council Cross*).

Mr. Wu Sung Lo was learning Chinese Laundering under the auspices of the British Council when he was treacherously and savagely attacked by the Beaverbrook Press. Despite the heavy odds, he successfully completed the course on which he was engaged

Miss Anna Neagle (*The Gentlewomen's Good Conduct Star.*)

Miss Neagle has long shown great determination in ministering to the aspirations of British Womanhood. Despite attacks by numerous critics with barbed reviews, she continued to display the genteelly offensive spirit which has been an example to every housewife. F. J. ARNOLD

The Angst Medal (with clasp) to Mr. Cyril Connolly for diligent performance of duties as Literary Look-Out and Horizon-Scanner throughout a troublous decade. STANLEY S. SHARPLESS.

To ROBERT BRIDGES for eulogising the sprung rhythms of Manley Hopkins and publishing his works as true poetry.

Obverse. A group of small burrowers making Helicon out of their hill. *Motto :* Rudis indigestaque moles.

Reverse. A laurel wreath round the *Motto :* Sprung time the only pretty wrung time. PIBWOB

The Vic Cross to Dick Twinkletoes, English public school boy, who, despite the brutal and prolonged attempts by prefects and masters to indoctrinate him with Muscular Christianity, has consistently evaded compulsory games in order to perfect his ballet technique in the school gymnasium.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

CHESS: Pushkin's Gambit

No. 226

I might as well call it Tschaikowsky's Gambit, since it seems to be the composer rather than the author we usually have in mind when thinking of "Eugene Onegin." Of all the works of literature containing an account of a game of chess this is one of the very few to make some sense as a game no less than with regard to its romantic and dramatic implications; a good enough reason for some U.S.S.R. masters, a few years ago, to have concocted the very game that Pushkin might have envisaged; and a very thrilling game it is:

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) K-B1	R-Kt1
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(10) B-B3	P-Kt3!
(3) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(11) B x R	B-R3 ch
(4) P-K5	Kt-R4	(12) K-Kt1	P-QB3
(5) B-K2	P-KKt4	(13) Q-Q2	P-B6
(6) Kt x P	Kt-Kt6	(14) R-R2	B-K7
(7) P x Kt	Q x Kt	(15) K-R1	Q-B7
(8) P-Q4	Q x P ch	(16) Resigns	

This game—without its poetical and musical connotations the knowledge of which I owe to Dr. Tartakower—is one of many even more sparkling little gems in J. du Mont's new collection. ("*More Miniature Games*," *Routledge & Kegan Paul*, 12*s.* 6*d.*) A most commendable book for at least four reasons:

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high quality of the brevities selected; their fairly recent vintage; convenient grouping (according to openings); excellent indexing (of stratagems as well as players). This is one of a recent crop of remarkable chessbooks, some of them quite weighty and still to be reviewed. Among the lightweights is an Austrian book by Hans Müller "*Lerne Kombinieren*" (*Niggli, St. Gallen and Hatje, Stuttgart*), a collection of 500 diagrams as points of departure for some highly entertaining and instructive combinations. Here—

Ortega-Sanz, Madrid 1934—is one of them, a most remarkable *tour de force*: (1) . . R-Q7. (2) Kt-R4, R x QKtP! (3) Kt x R, P-B6. (4) R x B, P-B5! (5) R-Kt4, P-R4!! (6) Kt-R4, P x R, etc. Naturally (4) Kt-Q3 would have been refuted by (4) . . . P-B5 ch. (5) R x B, P x Kt, etc. The book, incidentally, does an injustice to London's own Edward Mason by attributing one of his brilliancies to James Mason with the fictitious date-line "London 1883." True enough, the game was played in London, but it happened to be some fifty years later in a League match at St. Bride's.

A: Andersen 1928

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the issue very neatly. It is a mate in at most 5 moves. **B**—White to win—is a witty little study, not too difficult for 6 points. **C**—White to win—is a 1st prize-winner in a Soviet ("64") competition and a truly ingenious study, well worth 7 points.

B: P. Babitch 1951

C: M. S. Liburkin 1931

Usual prizes. Entries by February 8.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 9

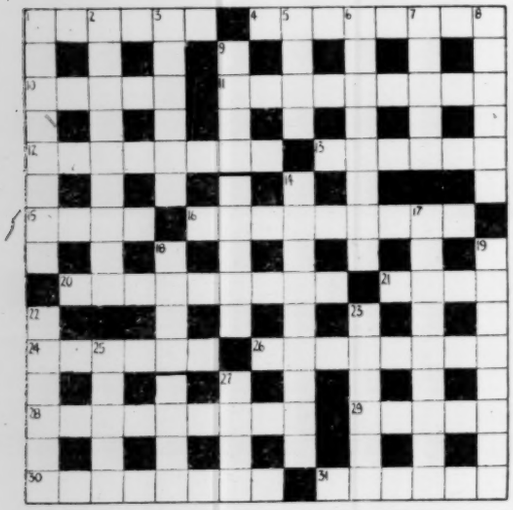
A: (1) Q x BP ch, P x Q. (2) B-R6 mate.
B: (1) K-B7, K-R1. (2) Kt-B6, P-K6. (3) Kt-Q5, P-K7. (4) Kt-B4, P — Q. (5) Kt x P ch, K-R2. (6) Kt-B8 ch, etc.
C: (1) Kt-B6, K x Kt. (2) B-B6, K-Q4. (3) P-Q3, P-R7. (4) P-B4 ch, K-B4. (5) K-Kt7! etc.

Well over a score of correct solutions, including one that reached me in time from F. P. E. Green in New York. Fast work. He shares the prizes with A. E. Harris, P. E. Krebs, M. Rumney, F. K. Taylor. Winner of the 15th Decade is E. A. Barclay-Smith who totted up 662 points since he started from scratch as one of the 11th Decade winners. M. Kaye (611), C. Sandberg (571) and A. J. Roycroft (529) have reached their points in the thirty weeks since the 12th Decade.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 85

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 85, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 9th Feb.



ACROSS

1. Cave man's poetess (6).
4. The final test; in the book there is nothing on it (8).
10. The servant says good-bye (5).
11. According to Wilde, good ones go to Paris when they die (9).
12. One who has second thoughts and grants a reprieve? (8).
13. A brain child (6).
15. "They have been grand-jurymen since before —— was a sailor" (*Twelfth Night*) (4).
16. This means of communication could be a great help (9).
20. To listen in is a temptation, but it is not the fall of Adam (9).
21. In ancient history there is nothing after a little more than eighteen centuries ago (4).
24. Concerning the speck in the distance (6).
26. The results of an evening out (8).
28. In the northern town there is a fellow who is a man of parts (9).
29. Sailors' song of home (5).
30. Fell when death came after him (8).
31. The heights of general speculation? (6).

DOWN

1. Prepared for marriage, but hesitating (8).
2. With some rewriting the play could be made moral (9).
3. Succeeded at soccer: failed at tennis (6).
5. It sounds like an organ, and they may have it (4).
6. Bow ties for artists (8).
7. Anti-war movement about the East (5).
8. Crazier slice (6).
9. These may make the hare be sad or the hatter mad (4, 5).
14. It seems that they ought to use rounds (9).
17. Linguists start with an appropriate bird noise (9).
18. Precedent for a bag of game (4, 4).
19. The cooking-vessel with a slight flaw is upside down it is high up in the cupboard (3, 5).
22. "With —— for proctors, dowagers for deans" (Tennyson) (6).
23. The hostile force of an underarm maiden (6).
25. About four this worker makes fur (5).
27. He finally helps to make places in Asia (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 83

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CAMARILLA SOCLE
KUPREHR
BASRA GUTENBERG
UNREESU
THIRDDEGREETIE
CEADAR
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CHARMING furn. bungalow, 8 ml. N. Worthing. All amen., secluded. From 4½gns. X, 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

CORNISH Coast Chalet to let. Write Box 5130.

CHARMING 17th century Country House to let furn., nr. Sevenoaks, 5 bed., 3 reception, large secluded garden. Easy access London. ABBey 6321 evenings.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CARE to join group to seek and rent large house N.W.3, S.W.2 area? Own rm., share kit. ARN. 5276 after 8 p.m. Box 5163.

MAN (30s) requires occasional overnight accommodation, London area. Garage/parking advantage. Box 4879.

WANTED by young Barrister & wife, unfurnished flat. London area. Box 5230.

WANTED, small unfurn./part-furn. flat S.W./W. district. Prepared occasional babysit. Box 5114.

MOTHER and baby 4 months require small flat or two rooms (furn.) in Hampstead or Belsize area. CUN. 9463.

PROFESSIONAL couple, marrying soon, wish to meet similar pair to seek and share or divide large furn. or unfurn. flat. Cen., W., N.W. London. Box 5116.

UNFURN./Part-furn. acc., including one large room, good light, required. Lady designer and Art teacher. Central. Box 5112.

SPANISH student requires accommodation with a Russian family. Box 5088.

£20 reward for unfurnished flat (London). R. O. Moreton, 57 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. SLO. 1059.

UNF. acc. London wntd. school teacher (widow) & grown-up son. Box 4741.

COMFORTABLE furnished cottage or bungalow wanted for few weeks after Easter by exile returned from Far East. Anywhere in West Country. Box 4116.

FURN. house wanted, mid-May to mid-July, S. Devon. 4-5 beds. Would exchange or let pleasant house in Hampstead. Box 5064.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Road, London, E.2. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

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Company Meetings

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

NEED FOR FLEXIBLE MONETARY SYSTEM

LORD HARLECH'S REVIEW

The one hundred and eighteenth Annual General Meeting of Midland Bank, Ltd., will be held on February 16 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Harlech, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G.:—

The Statement reviews the course of affairs in the national economy, and it is pointed out that, while the rise in manufacturing output is encouraging, it has to be set against a further growth of personal consumption. The requirements of new capital investment are still great, and the expansion of exports is an even more urgent demand. It is a striking act of faith that the Government has taken steps towards liberalisation of trade, credit and investment, and the need is insistent for exerting all the energy and resourcefulness that can be mustered in support of Britain's competitive position in export trade. It is imperative that costs of production and distribution should be freed from any further pressure of internal inflation.

Significance of Recent Monetary Changes

Perhaps the most significant economic event of the year was the lowering of the Bank rate and the associated changes in other rates last September. This was accompanied by a clear official warning that there was no intention of making credit more readily available. The deeper significance of the changes made arose largely from the fact that they gave greater flexibility to the market, indicating that, as in industry and trade generally, the policy of the Government is to move towards the rehabilitation of what is often called the "economics of the market place."

The Statement emphasises the setting of these facts in the monetary history of the past two decades. This period falls naturally into three parts: first, the years from 1931 to 1939 when active official intervention in monetary affairs was being progressively developed after the breakdown of the gold standard; next, the war-time regime, which extended to 1947, of still more active intervention supported by statutory controls; and finally, the post-war phase of piecemeal relaxation of controls and a tentative approach towards internal monetary flexibility.

The Approach to Internal Flexibility

The characteristics of these periods are reviewed, and it is observed that in the past few years more reliance has come to be placed on monetary policy as the physical controls have been progressively abandoned. In respect of interest rates the movement towards greater elasticity has become notably more marked. To sum up, the course of events in the third phase can be described as a partial return towards an open, freely moving money market. As yet the return is no more than partial, for several limitations remain, including selective regulation of borrowing from the banks, continued restrictions on new capital issues and close scrutiny of operations falling within the scope of exchange control. Apart from the maintenance of controls, intervention is still practised. Thus the impact of Government receipts and expenditures and of the operations of publicly controlled funds upon monetary conditions is still one of the main factors to be taken into account in shaping the design of the budget, while official influence upon conditions in the short-term money market is exercised from time to time as occasion requires.

The major contrast, however, between the system towards which we have been moving in recent years and that which was developed in the pre-war period lies in the current adherence to a fixed exchange parity as against what may be called the regulated elasticity of exchange rates practised in 1932-9. It can hardly be disputed, as a basic dogma, that a healthy, adaptable, expanding national economy requires, as one of its basic conditions, an element of flexibility in its monetary system. If that flexibility is not provided in the relations of its national currency with those of other countries, then it must be provided in its own internal monetary arrangements; the choice may be deferred, but it cannot be indefinitely evaded. Thus interpreted, the steps taken can be described as yet another stage in the long experimental process of working out an effective monetary system for a "mixed" economy —neither wholly "free" nor wholly "planned."

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

CONTINUED EXPANSION

LORD ALDENHAM'S REVIEW

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on the 17th February, 1954. In the course of the Statement by the Chairman, circulated to Shareholders in advance, Lord Aldenham said:—

Our business continues to expand; the number of account holders has substantially increased. Our policy of branch extension has made satisfactory progress during 1953, and we have opened 21 new offices. In spite of this increase of work there has been a slight reduction in the total number of Staff employed.

The accounts show a net profit for 1953 of £1,474,736, which is £28,190 more than last year, and we have been able to maintain the dividend at 18 per cent. per annum.

The declaration of this dividend has come as a disappointment to some of our shareholders, since several of our competitors have been able to declare increased dividends. But for many years now this Bank has paid a higher rate of dividend than almost all its competitors, and we are still in that proud position. We decided to show in our published statement of 30th June, 1952, the depreciation on our holdings of British Government securities which had occurred in the previous six months, without minimizing that deficiency by any transfer from inner reserves or from current profits. That temporary deficiency has been recovered since then, but after so recent and so sharp a reminder of the way in which the market value of even British Government securities may fluctuate we have decided with regret that the whole of the profits of 1953, after payment of taxation and of the usual dividend, should go to fortify the Published and the Inner Reserves, upon which we rely to take care, not only of such losses as these, but of any others we may sustain through the normal risks of business.

During 1953 the total of Current, Deposit and Other Accounts increased by nearly £27 million. Advances fell by £13 million partly as a result of the lower level of the prices of raw materials. Bills Discounted and Investments increased by £31 million and £21.5 million respectively.

The Nation's Achievement

As a nation our two main considerations at the end of each year must be to judge how far progress has been made towards a real and lasting peace, and how far we have been able to add to our scanty gold reserves by earning a little more than we have spent.

We may well be pleased that the Prime Minister has been able to tell us that the danger of war is further away than it was in 1951; and it is a great achievement indeed that, in spite of our very heavy and very necessary expenditure on defence, it seems certain that in 1953 we have paid our way. The balance of payments showed a surplus of £26 million without defence aid in the first half of the year, and it looks as if the surplus for the second half will not be less. But the margin of success is narrow, and the surplus is some way short of the figure we must aim at if we are to pay our debts and help to develop the Commonwealth.

In considering how we are to increase our exports, the price factor is of course the first consideration; but almost as important as price is the ability to promise quick delivery, and the certainty of being able to keep those promises. The so-called two sides in industry must be united as one side, if we are to survive foreign competition. A stable cost of living would greatly help our ability to give good delivery dates by lessening the risk of industrial disputes; and much has been achieved in this direction during 1953. There has been a comparatively small rise in the index of retail prices, in spite of the reduction in the food subsidies.

Competition brings demands from overseas buyers for longer terms of payment. This Bank, and other banks, can help, and are helping, by providing finance to our exporters to enable them to grant easier payment terms to the overseas buyer. Our Bank also maintains an intelligence service able and more than willing to help any manufacturer wishing to expand his exports to new markets.

Exports to Dollar Markets

The growth of our total exports to the dollar markets of North America during 1953 has been most useful; it is not always remembered that Canada is almost as good a customer of ours as the whole United States. In recent months there has been a definite recession in business in the United States, and though we may hope that better methods have been evolved to avoid such serious depressions as those of 1929 and 1938, yet we must consider the effect on our economy which any marked recession in the United States would have. The sterling Area gold and dollar reserve increased during 1953, but is still at a dangerously low level. If there were a serious fall in American purchases of sterling area exports, the only possible course for us would be to cut our imports from America to the barest essentials.

Full convertibility between the pound and the dollar would not help us much at present. Until our national shop window has become as attractive as the shop window of the United States, convertibility would seem to imply either a lower price for the pound sterling measured in dollars, or an even more severe restriction of dollar imports. There have been welcome signs, however, during the year that our shop window is becoming as attractive as the American.

It may well be that the time will become ripe during 1954 for another tentative step towards convertibility; but we must not risk the disastrous experiment of 1947, which resulted in our selling much too cheaply the dollars we needed, and still need, ourselves. The problem of convertibility is clearly linked to that of United States tariffs and no lowering of these tariffs is likely even to be considered before the report of the Randall Commission has been debated in Congress.

The recent purchases of tobacco and lard from the United States do not create an obstacle to convertibility since the proceeds will be spent here in sterling as defence aid; but this is not true of the agreement to buy American films with blocked sterling. That agreement accumulates sterling in the hands of those naturally anxious to buy dollars with it as soon as this is permissible, even though it may for the time being be usefully invested here. It would have been much better to have bought only as many films as we could afford to pay for in dollars at once. The agreement runs only until September next, so that at least it can then be reconsidered.

Industrial Production

Coal exports have increased, but they are still disappointing; they could do so much to maintain our balance of payments, and thus ensure the maintenance of our present standard of living. The National Coal Board publishes figures of £29 million, £32 million and £45 million capital expenditure in the mines during 1950, 1951 and 1952, and there has been in 1953 no corresponding rise in production which the outsider would expect from this vast outlay. However, the figures of industrial production as a whole have shown a most welcome recovery from the fall recorded in 1952.

Considerable progress has been made during 1953 in the removal of war-time controls; but measured in man-power freed for more productive purposes, progress has been too slow.

Need For More Savings

There is a great need for more savings, which would help to increase exports both by reducing home consumption and by providing a higher figure of modern capital equipment behind each worker, which is necessary if we are to support our wage-structure. In spite of this, many people seem to regard earnings of interest on savings as morally less desirable than earnings by way of salary and wage, and in fact they are taxed more severely. Pensions are rightly treated as earned income; but where a professional man has to provide for his own old age, the income from his savings is not regarded as earned.

Much of this review has been devoted to the problem of future exports. If it were widely understood that the monthly export figure is in effect the nation's wage-packet, we should have gone far to achieve the unity of purpose between employers and employed that is essential to our export trade.

In 1953 we improved our defences and our gold and dollar reserve, but we have not yet won back to real security—and it is almost nine years since the war in Europe ended.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to make an appointment to the Chair of Oriental Studies which has been vacant since the resignation of Professor J. K. Rideout in 1949. Applicants for the Chair should be scholars who have specialised in Chinese or Japanese language and literature and whose mother tongue is English. After an appointment has been made to the Chair it is proposed to appoint a Lecturer or Senior Lecturer whose mother tongue is the language being taught. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,000 per annum, plus an allowance (at present £A252 males and £A191 females). There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia is March 6, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer (Grade I) in English. Salary £A1,132 10s. to £A1,257 10s. per annum. Preference will be given to candidates possessing special qualifications in the fields of English Language, early English Literature, and general Germanic Philology. The teaching duties of the successful candidate will not necessarily be confined to these fields. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in London and Australia, on March 12, 1954.

LONDON County Council. Shoreditch Training College. Appointment of Principal. Shoreditch Training College, Coopers Hill, Englefield Green, Egham, Surrey, recognised as a constituent college of the University of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited for appointment as Principal from September, 1954. This training college for 265 resident and 15 men students provides two-year general courses in preparation for teaching in both primary and secondary schools. The main course in general education is largely through the medium of Handicraft. There is also a one-year supplementary specialist course in Handicraft. Present salary scale of £1,400 × £50—£1,600 plus residential emoluments, is subject to review from April 1, 1954, in the light of any general revision of Training College scales. Application forms, further particulars and details of accommodation and residential emoluments obtainable from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, to whom completed applications should be returned. Closing date Feb. 6.

LONDON County Council. Appointment of Principal and Headmaster. Voluntary Controlled Grammar Schools, George Green's School, East India Dock Road, E.14. Accommodation for 340 boys and girls aged 11-18+, providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for appointment as Principal (man or woman). Vacant September, 1954. Roll in September, 1953—259. Burnham Group VII based on average unit total of 694 for 1950/52. St. Marylebone Grammar School, 248 Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Accommodation for about 500 boys aged 11-18+, providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for appointment as Headmaster. Vacant September, 1954. Roll in September, 1953—517. Burnham Group XIV based on average unit total of 1,361 for 1950/52. Apply on form EO/TS 10 Secondary (TS 10B for candidates who have completed form TS 10 since June, 1952, and have nothing to add) obtainable, with further particulars, from Education Officer (EO/TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, specifying for which post it is intended to apply. Closing date February 6. (15)

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker I (in sole charge) for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service. Good office accommodation & clerical assistance available. M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. (University of London) or Cert. for P.S.W. of Universities of Manchester or Edinburgh essential. Scope & interest offered in new field of Psychiatric Social Work. Salary P.T.A. Circ. 17 £500 × £20—£640 p.a. (for at least 2 yrs.' experience, short of 2 yrs less £15 p.a.) plus London Weighting accg. to age 21-25, £20 p.a., 26 or over £30 p.a. Established. Subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, exper., qual., refs. to County Med. Officer (S), 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St., S.W.1, by February 14 (quote W.974, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

MALADJUSTED Children's community school requires child care worker, spare-time activities, general supervision. Interested in handicraft or music. Shotton Hill, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Assistant in Far Eastern Service Topical Talks Unit. Duties include writing 5-minute news talks for translation into Far Eastern languages; supervising preparation of similar talks by an assistant; writing and broadcasting news talks for "London Calling Asia" programme in English; finding and briefing experts able to supply scripts at very short notice for talks requiring specialised treatment; maintaining liaison with Government information departments, Press attaches, journalists specialising in foreign and political affairs. Considerable journalistic experience, good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics and ability to think and work quickly essential. Candidates should have spent some time in and made special study of South East Asia and Far East. They should have broadcasting experience. Selected candidates will be given a practical test. Salary £990 or £1,085, rising by 5 annual increments to maximum £1,320 or £1,465, lower grade being appropriate for candidate without all required qualifications. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "36 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant in German Service to assist the German Topical Organiser who is responsible for most German political transmissions, particularly the daily half-hour for the Soviet Zone. Duties include deputising for the Topical Organiser and assisting him with planning, writing and editing programmes. Good working knowledge of German and of post-war developments in Germany, ability to interpret to a German audience political and economic developments in this country, essential. Specialised knowledge of conditions in Soviet Zone or in Eastern Europe, journalistic experience and ability to broadcast in German, desirable. Work is normally in London but there may be tours of detached duty in Berlin of up to two years with higher acting emoluments. Salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "33 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker in sole charge with not less than two years' experience since qualification, required by London County Council at John Street Welfare Centre, W.C.1., for six half-days a week for work with pre-school children. Psychiatrist attends for two sessions a week. Whitley Council salary for persons with recognised mental health certificate—£342 plus London weighting. Further particulars on form of application, from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1., returnable by Feb. 6, 1954.

MARKET Research. Women aged 30-54 offered intermittent employment as interviewers. Applicants should live in London but must be prepared to spend short periods in other towns. Salary & exps. paid. Box 5131.

WARDEN required. "Mount" Conference Centre, Haverhill. Applications by Feb. 10. Secretary, Fellowship of Reconciliation, 29 Great James St., London, W.C.1.

MATRON, not over 40, required for co-ed. school. Preferably with knowledge of nature cure methods. Box 5134.

RESPONSIBLE young man with knowledge of the printing trade, to be trained for progress management. Printing and publishing office in S.E. country town. Accommodation might be arranged. State experience, age, if married, salary. Box 4826.

NATIONAL Union of Students require assistant to General Secretary, good administrative experience and knowledge of educational system essential; salary scale £400 × £25 × £550, starting point according to qualifications and experience. Application form and full particulars from: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

GERMAN-English engineer for highly technical translations (mech. & elec.) required. Salary according to qualific. plus good bonus, W.1 area. Correct written English essential. Age immaterial. Box 4928.

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary, shorthand-typing essential, nursing experience an advantage, wanted by Group Practice. 4 doctors, South London. State salary and experience to Box 5091.

CERAMICS. Partner for designing, manufacture. Full pt.-time. N.W.3. Box 5123.

YOUNG woman offered home, immediate position with scope. Share select Country House guest business expanding. Small capital desirable. Interested children, good food, healthy country living. Box 4690.

PRINTER'S Reader (L.S.C.) required; jobbing, periodical, commercial; permanency; Central London. Box 4860.

NATIONAL Union of Students require experienced shorthand-typists (full- and part-time), typist-Roneo operator (instruction given); pref. not over 25. Applications to: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

PERSONNEL Officer (female) reqd. for cigarette factory in North Lanarkshire. Approx. 200 employees. Age 25-30 yrs. Previous exper. essential. Scotswoman prefd. Essential member I.P.M. Box 5197.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUTH Organiser to develop leisure-time activities for children and adolescents in a large co-operative society. Salary £470 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form, to be returned by February 11, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

B.B.C. requires experienced, well-qualified secretaries. Starting salary £7. Applications, stating age and experience, to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "35 N.Stm."

INTELLIGENT and imaginative young woman required by West End Coat and Suit House, able to sketch and have good deportment. Measurements: bust 35in, hips 39in, waist 27in, height in stockinged feet 5ft 4in-5ft 5in. Reply to Box 4870, but only if measurements are exactly to requirements.

ASSISTANT (male) to Author (London) 2-3 afternoons weekly, mainly typing. Suit young writer with own portable. Write fully stating payment required. Box 4926.

PART-time shorthand typist required by John Lewis Partnership. Hours 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. 5-day week. Apply Department of Personnel, 32 Cavendish Square, W.1.

EFFICIENT Typist reqd. by City Timber Brokers. Shorthand not essential (Emidicta). French/German advantage. F. Selby, Ltd., 63 Moorgate, E.C.2. MON. 6741.

INTELLIGENT and imaginative young woman required by West End Coat and Suit House, able to sketch and have good deportment. Measurements: bust 35in, hips 39in, waist 27in, height in stockinged feet 5ft 2in. Reply to Box 4871, but only if measurements are exactly to requirements.

MARRIED women wtd. as Sh./typs. & C./typs. 10-5., No Sats. Good sal. St. Stephen's, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606.

SECRETARY, expd. shthnd. correspondent, intelligent, aged 25/35, to be in charge. Jewish holidays. Write, stating exp. & salary reqd., Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Sq., requires young person as receptionist with knowledge of poster-writing. Salary £5.

BENEVOLENT Assocn. rqs. handyman for its Surrey home. Work in house and on estate. Must have real skill at a fair variety of jobs. Accom. provided. Box 4873.

LADY resident cook-housekeeper, pref. Continental, reqd. from middle Feb., Kensington area. Age about 30. Box 4915.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GERMAN Teacher, 33, ex-British Army Intelligence Corps, sks. teaching/social welfare post. Reply Ken Levy, 35 Friedrich-Engles Strasse, Elmshorn-Holstein, Germany.

CAPABLE executive (37) with 12 years Far Eastern commercial administrative experience, seeks position of responsibility in virtually any sphere; adaptable, cheerful, conscientious and hard working. Box 4908.

INTERESTING employment sought by young lady teacher (31). Liverpool area. Reception ist, clerical, personnel. Anything except teaching. 10 Bellairs Rd., Liverpool, 11.

QUALIFIED ballet & kindergarten teacher requires full- or part-time post. Box 4877.

INTEL. yng. woman, journalistic, sec. exper. desperately sks. interesting job. Anything with chance to use initiative. Box 5160.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

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NAT. Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 30. Gloria Swanson, Erich von Stroheim in "Sunset Boulevard" (A). Dir. Billy Wilder. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 3520. Sun., Jan. 31, 7.30. "Four Days" (A) British.

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"CITIZEN Kane," 8 p.m., Wednesday, Feb. 3, Norwood Film Society, GIP. 3715. W. Norwood Tennis Club. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s.

TRAVEL Forum and Film Show, February 3, 6.30 p.m. Chelsea Town Hall, Kings Rd., S.W.3. Travel Films of Spain, Yugoslavia, Norway, Austria and Corsica will be shown and Travel Experts will answer your questions. Tickets 2s. 6d., from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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MODERN Symphony Orchestra, Conductor: Arthur Dennington, Saturday, February 6, at 7.30 p.m. Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road, N.7. Academic Festival Overture, Brahms. Symphony No. 83, Haydn. Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, Bach. Rondes de Printemps, Debussy. Night on the Bare Mountain, Moussorgsky. Suite Provençale, Milhaud. Res. Seats 2s. to 6s.

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DOLMETSCH Concert. Cowdray Hall, Fri., Feb. 5, at 6.30. Peerson, Daquin, Legrenzi, Telemann, &c. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Secretary, Wealdview, Haslemere, & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

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WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. S.E.A. Pictures for Schools Exhibition. Painting, sculpture, pottery. January 24-February 14. Tuesday to Saturday, 11-6. Sunday 2-6. Closed Monday. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by David Russell and Bruce Hollingsworth. Until Feb. 12.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Exhibition by Justin Daraniyagala, Ceylonese painter. Jan. 13 to Feb. 6, 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. English Drawings—Moore, Dobson, S. Spencer, P. Nash, Gross, J. Nash, Ardizzone, Bawden, Searle, W. Lewis, Lowry, etc., Jan. 18-Feb. 13. Wkdys. 10-6, inc. Sats.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Alan Davie, & 1st London Exhibition of Dublin Painter, Thurloe Conolly.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Some Rising Painters. Also Five French Painters of the second generation of Post-Impressionism. Closing Feb. 6.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. George Keyt: Paintings & Drawings from Ceylon. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s. Closing Feb. 6.

CHARLES Ginner. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 20. Weekdays 10-6. Suns 2-6. Admission free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

TATE Gallery. Pleydell-Bouverie Collection of French Impressionist Paintings. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Adm. free.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Recent Paintings by Peter Brannan and Denis Lucas. Until Feb. 13.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. New Year Exhibition—an annual event. 10-5.30 Saturdays 10-1. Until Feb. 4

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Exhibition: some work by Henry Moore and Josef Herman. (From the Collection of Dr. Henry M. Roland.) On view February 2-28. Lecture: "What Is A Good Drawing?" By Dr. Roland, Tuesday, February 9, 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SATURDAY, Jan. 30, special Anniversary Meeting, "How to Keep Gandhi's Teachings Alive To-day." Dr. George Catlin, Reginald Sorensen, M.P., 8.15, London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (off Leinster Terrace/Devonshire Terrace). All welcome.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1, Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8.15. Public View on the exhibition at the Tate Gallery of work by Raoul Dufy and paintings by artists from Ceylon: George Keyt, Justin Pieris Daraniyagala (Beaux Arts Gallery, and those shown in the January exhibition at the A.I.A. Gallery). Chairman: Maurice Collis; speakers will include Peter de Francia, Patrick Heron, Martin Russell. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s.

MARX House, Clerkenwell Green. Sun., Jan. 31, 7.30. Geoff Clark on "The Labour Movement in Rumania." Story of struggle which led to the formation of the People's Government. Adm. free.

THE Warsaw Rising. Story of the epic struggle when boys of 12 fought Nazi tanks. Told by General Bor-Komorowski, Commander-in-Chief, Polish Home Army, 1944. Friends House, Euston Rd. (opposite Euston Station), 7.30 p.m., Monday, Feb. 1. Admission 1s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 6 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Yvon Bizardel (Alliance Française): "Les tendences de la peinture contemporain."

THE London Jewish Society. Victor Mishcon (Chairman, L.C.C. General Purposes Committee) on "How London is Governed." Thurs., Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St. (Leicester Sq. Tube). All welcome. Visitors 2s. 6d.

"SOVIET Film." Peter Sutton speaks. Excerpts historic films. Thurs., Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Hatfkin, 118 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

H. J. BLACKMAN: "Waste." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., January 31, 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship. Saturday, February 6, 3 p.m., Caxton Hall. Mrs. Douglas Bolton, J.P., Chairman L.C.C., Vera Brittain, Margaret McCarthy (Author "Generation in Revolt"), Charlotte Marsh. Admission free.

50TH Anniversary Socialist Party of Gt. Brit. Meetings, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Victoria. Sun. Feb. 7, 7 p.m. "Socialist Theory in the Light of Modern Developments"—H. Read & E. Wilmot.

FEDERATION of Women's Societies in the Progressive Synagogues of Great Britain. Miss Margery Fry, J.P., M.A., will speak on The Report of the Capital Punishment Commission, at 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8, on Thursday, February 4, 1954, at 8.15 p.m. Chairman: The Hon. L. H. Montagu, O.B.E., J.P. All are welcome.

A LEADING world authority and brilliant speaker will give the Albert Howard Memorial Lecture—"The Under-Developed Lands of Britain"—Dr. L. Dudley Stamp (Dir. of Land Utilisation Survey, London Univ. Professor of Social Geography), at Kingsway Hall, W.C.2, 6.30 p.m., Wednesday, Feb. 24. Tickets 3s. from Soil Association, 8F Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Thursday, Feb. 4, 8.15. Discussion, Architectural Criticisms III. Bankside Power Station. To be led by R. Furneaux Jordan. Chairman, J. M. Richards. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. (In co-op. with Pegasus Theatre Society). Sun., Jan. 31, 7.30. Discussion: "The State of the Theatre." John Fernald, Richard Findlater, Stephen Mitchell. Chair.: Christopher Hassell. Mems. 2s., guests 3s.

BIRMINGHAM Internat. Centre, 83 Suffolk St., B'ham. Le Gros Clark: World Population & Food Resources. Feb. 3, at 7.

FAWCETT Society—Living in a University —some problems that beset the student. Mrs Baxter, M.A. (Secretary of the Cambridge University Women's Appointments Bureau). Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster, 7 p.m. Friday, February 5.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs, Feb. 4, 6.30. Recital of Belgian Poetry by Iza Reiner. Works by Verhaeren, Rodenbach Van Lerberghe, Elskamp, Maeterlinck, Michaux, Simenon. Adm. free.

PERSONALIST Group: Eva Carmac-Isitt on "The Psychology of Existentialism." 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., Feb. 3, 7.30.

"LAW and the Citizen." Talk by Mr. S. Clinton-Davis, LL.B. The Hyphen, 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Sunday, January 31, 7.30 p.m. Members 6d., Non-Members 1s.

HARRY Pollitt (back from India): "Forward for Peace and Higher Living Standards." Dean of Canterbury, J. R. Campbell. Daily Worker 34th Birthday Rally, Harringay Stadium Sunday, February 14 at 7 p.m. Community singing. Tickets: 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., Daily Worker, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Feb. 3, at 7.30 p.m. Professor A. J. Ayer: "Philosophy and Politics." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"THE Raw Materials of Social Psychology"—Feb. 12-14, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, led by J. Norman Glaister; also Handcraft & Pottery course.

"PROSPECTS of Space Travel," Mr. Napier (B.I.S.). Friday, February 5, 7.30 p.m. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Admission 1s.

DR. Eustace Chesser will address a Meeting of the Younger People's Section, Technion Society of Great Britain, in support of the Israel Institute of Technology, on Wed., Feb. 3, at 8.15 p.m., Marble Arch Pavilion (restaurant entrance), Marble Arch. All interested in helping Israel's progressive development welcome to attend.

ANDREW Rothstein & Brian Pearce. "The North Ossetian Republic" (first British visit, 1953). Thurs., Feb. 4, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

DR. M. J. SEATON, lecturer in Physics at University College, who visited Poland in 1953 as guest of the Copernicus Year Celebration Committee, will speak on "The Copernican Controversy and Its Significance for Modern Science." In the chair: Professor A. C. Offord. At the Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1, 8 p.m., Friday, February 5. Admission free.

"ASPECTS of Israel's Foreign Policy." Lecture by Mr. Gershon Avner, Counsellor of Israeli Embassy. Feb. 3, 6 p.m. Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2. Members free, others 1s. 6d. Tickets: Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn), Thursday, February 4, 7.30; "The Upanishads." All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Feb. 2. Marcus Sims, "The Philosophy of Sartre." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Feb. 5. H. R. Weldon, "Communist Propaganda."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

T. W. MELLUISH, M.A., will speak on "The Value of the Classical Tradition To-day" on Fri., February 5, 8.15 p.m. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (off Leinster Terrace or Devonshire Terrace). All welcome.

"AFRICAN Art": lecture by William Fagg, arranged by Finsbury Art Group. Mon. Feb. 1, 8.15 p.m. Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Non-members 1s.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., Feb. 3, 6.30 p.m. "Buddhism and Jainism." Mr. F. Allen. Read "The Middle Way" the journal of The Buddhist Society.

YOGA. Are we awake or asleep? Feb. 8, 7.30 p.m. at 22d Ebury St., S.W.1. Admission 2s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 31, Hector Hawton, "Sex and Superstition." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "English Monastic Libraries" will be given by Mr. R. M. Wilson (Sheffield) at 5.30 p.m. on February 3, 10 and 17, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free without ticket.

INSTITUT Français du Royaume-Uni, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, S.W.7. Monsieur Jean Bony, Professor of History of Art at the French Institute, will give a series of 6 public lectures under the general title of: "De l'Impressionisme au Cubisme," from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. Thursday, February 4: "Impressionisme et réalité." Thursday, February 11: "Lyrisme et couleur." Thursday, February 18: "Impressionisme et construction du tableau." Thursday, February 25: "Espace et Rythme." Thursday, March 4: "Expression et décoration." Thursday, March 11: "Les exigences de la pureté." Free admission to all Students and to the Members of the French Institute.

THE Dean of St. Paul's will give 3 Lectures on "Faith, Myth & Reality" on Feb. 9, 16 and 23, at 5.30 p.m., in the Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. (single 1s.) London School of Religion, MUSeum 1056.

ANGLO-American Relations: Week-end School at Beatrice Webb House, nr. Dorking, Surrey, from Feb. 26-28. With Kenneth Younger, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., Thomas Balogh & Ben Segal. Partics. from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Extension Courses. A wide range of subjects is offered by week-end residential courses in the Home Counties in February, March and April, 1954. Subjects include: Russian Foreign Policy, The World's Food Problem, The Film, Problems of Old Age, Philosophy, Essex History and Geographical Field Studies. Science courses include Physics (non-residential), and a week's course in Embryology (April 20-27). Further information obtainable from Deputy Director (Ext. 1), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. "The Adventure of Youth Work." Eighth Annual Spring School to be held at City of Coventry Training College, from Monday, April 26-Monday, May 3, 1954, under the direction of Dr. J. MacAlister Brew. Lecturers will include: Christopher Mayhew, M.P., Peter Slade and Geoffrey Trease. In addition, each member of the Course will undertake at least 18 hours' practical work in one of the following subjects: Painting, Drama, International Affairs and Religious Education in the Club setting. Special sessions on the organisation of Youth Service in Great Britain and the techniques of Informal Education are arranged within the framework of the Courses for educationists or social welfare workers from overseas. Inclusive cost £6 10s. Bursaries available. Full particulars from N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

BIOCHEMIC Therapy: course of 16 lectures by Dr. Henry Gilbert—Feb. 2. Dets. Biochemic Centre, 80 Mortimer St., W.1.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre, Ltd., is a non-profit-making Company. We do not diagnose or treat illness but we deal with faulty habits of posture, movement and tension underlying or aggravating many disorders, mental and physical, and impeding progress in acquiring skills. A new project is a special class for children suffering from asthma, bad posture or nervousness. For particulars of this and other activities apply 18, Lansdowne Road, W.11. PARK 7222.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Scholarship Exam., March 24. HAM. 5986.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: Park 8392).

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